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JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 15, 1932

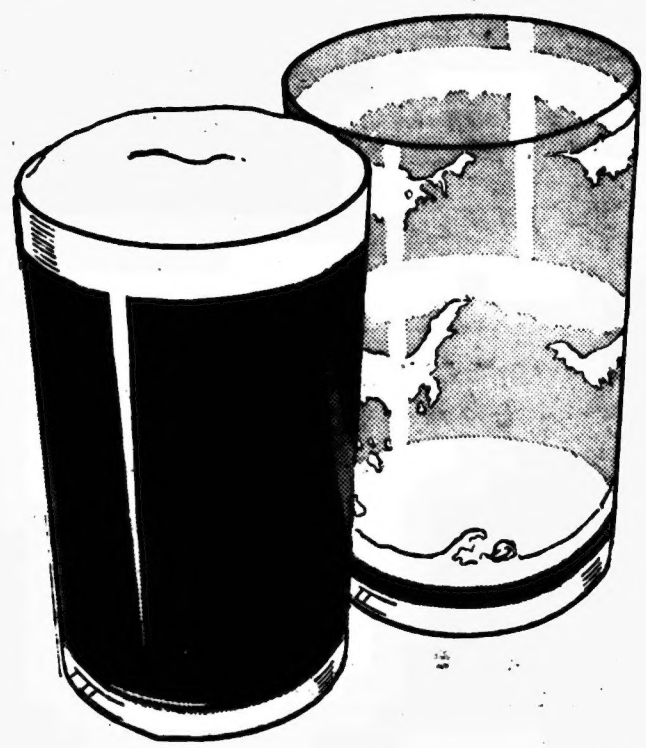
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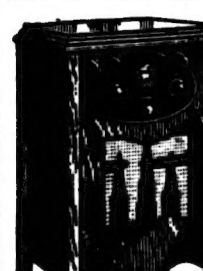
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THURSDAY,

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**Without Fear
or Favour**

A FRAID to LIVE!

THE other day the oldest woman in London celebrated her hundred and seventh birthday, and cheerfully thanked God for "kind friends and lovely sunshine."

Another woman, young enough to be this plucky old lady's granddaughter, had just committed suicide whilst temporarily insane, leaving behind her a pathetic note in which she confessed that she was "afraid to die and afraid to live."

Could you find a greater contrast?

There are, happily, comparatively few people driven by such extremes of poverty or distress or mental anguish that they prefer death to life. But there are thousands of men and women who are afraid to live.

It needs pluck to face life—as it is, not as you want it to be—undismayed, and to make the most of it.

Individually, nationally and commercially there is a dangerous tendency just now to get jumpy and, as the schoolboy would put it, to "funk" the future.

A man is afraid to live if he is afraid to take reasonable risks. The will of an old man was proved the other day at about twelve thousand pounds. For years he had been so panic-stricken about the economic state of the country and falling dividends that he had almost starved on a fifth of his income.

Misers with life

THAT kind of miserable scraping and pinching at one's own expense, or, worse still, at the expense of one's family, is sheer "funk." That man was afraid to live.

But old people are not the only ones who panic. Thousands of young people do so to-day without a vestige of excuse. Think of the many married couples, eager to have children and yet having none, not because they can't afford a baby now, but because the Future is so uncertain.

Poor fools. Afraid to live. Don't they know that the Future is always uncertain. It always was, and always will be. And so is the Present. Only the Past is secure—and that was once insecure, too!

This fear complex is at the root of half our troubles. Moreover, in nine cases out of ten, "funk" and selfishness go hand in hand.

That was very obvious in the case of a good many rich people who "got the wind up" last year when the income-tax was raised. They were afraid to live as they had been living, and so they "sacked" two or three unfortunate servants and reduced their subscriptions to charity!

But one cannot afford to sneer at them with-

out examining one's own conscience. All sorts of people, rich and poor alike, showed just the same spirit, when—without being obliged to do so—they cut down the wife's housekeeping money, or sent their children to cheaper schools, or denied the office boy a well-earned rise, or practised any other shabby little economy at somebody else's expense—because they were afraid.

Even now, when time has proved that there was no need for panic, far too many individuals and small businesses and public corporations still have the wind up, refusing to take the reasonable domestic and business risks of to-day because of what they dread may happen a few days or weeks or months ahead.

If all these people who are half afraid to live turned back the pages of history they would find that there is far less excuse for fear and trembling now than there has been during many other anxious periods in the past.

After all, we do not let people actually starve nowadays. We do not destroy the worker's spirit with a ninety-hour week of hideous toil. We do not drive our little children into the mills and the mines.

We never despair

AND even in this period of ill-judged "cuts," this nation still dares to spend more on social services than any other.

Nationally we have never been afraid to live. Again and again we have weathered economic storms only to emerge into a new prosperity. We have never utterly lost heart, and other countries have been kept steady because of our example.

A few days ago a homeless young woman went out into the Bristol streets in an absolutely desperate frame of mind. She had no money. She could not find work, and she felt that she must either sell herself or "end it all."

There was some excuse for that poor girl

being afraid to live. As it happened a Good Samaritan met her, saw that she was almost "all in," paid for her lunch and gave her half a crown.

In her diary afterwards she wrote: "He does not know what he saved me from. He gave me hope."

Lend a hand

IF any of us, with a roof over our heads and enough to eat, feel like chucking up the sponge, we can immediately find fresh courage when we think of all the many folk so far less fortunate than ourselves.

And there is no tonic for depression like giving the other fellow a helping hand. No truly unselfish man or woman has ever been afraid to live.

Courage and cowardice are both highly infectious. Only a few days ago two American artists in the prime of life committed suicide in a Paris studio simply because their paintings wouldn't sell and they had no money. There have been thirteen similar suicides in Montparnasse this year.

To use an American term, those two men were "quitters." Their sense of values was all wrong. If art failed them they ought to have had the pluck to try something else. They were afraid of life, unless it was just the life they wanted and had planned for themselves.

But Mrs. Caroline Merriott, the old woman who thanked God for the lovely sunshine and kind friends, went on ironing shirts until she was eighty-five! She took life as she found it and wasn't afraid.

Never, not even during the war years, was there greater need of men and women prepared to face life in that spirit, without grousing, without shirking their responsibilities and without fear.



*Calm and serene
when Age has come
... the heritage of
those who have faced
up to Life unafraid,
unconquerable*

What We Think about Unemployed Riots

WE want to give just a friendly word of advice to some of the unemployed. No one sympathises more than JOHN BULL does with men who want to work and can find none to do.

No one has a greater realisation of the bitterness they are bound to feel as the weeks drag on and the winter draws nearer.

We have often fought for them, demanding that their just grievances should be remedied.

But we can't take the side of those who think that things can be put right by smashing windows and cracking heads.

Rein in

We know there comes a point when a physical outburst seems almost irresistible. You want to hit somebody, to "go mad" just for a minute or two.

That's the time to rein in—hard as it is. But if you can only do it—it pays in the long run.

There has been a little epidemic lately of marches and demonstrations that have led to rioting after police intervention.

With what results? Injuries and police court fines—and nobody any the better off.

The wrong way—

Now JOHN BULL doesn't want to see good, honest working men made into catspaws by agitators who are merely out to grind their own axes, or led into trouble by irresponsible hotheads.

And we can't help thinking that some of the recent disturbances have arisen in this way.

A few self-seeking, agitators, or misguided firebrands, can easily damage the whole cause of the unemployed, and lose for them that public sympathy which will do more for them than all the brickbats ever thrown.

—and the right

The Government must get a move on to its employment plans. We've said that before. We say it again.

The workless should go on saying it, too. Through their trade unions, their Members of Parliament, their municipal councils, and their lawful demonstrations.

But not with fistcuffs and brickbats. That will get them nowhere—except into trouble.

Premier must win

Mr. MacDonald is having a tug-of-war with Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

As we disclosed last week, he wants to restart many of the national work schemes that have been held up during the last twelve months.

The Chancellor is saying "No."

Probably a Cabinet committee will be set up to enquire into the question. If it is, it must back the Premier.

The nation's business

M.P.s will have their hands full during the coming session.

After the Ottawa resolutions have been dealt with, there will be an economy Finance Bill and an Unemployment Insurance Bill.

This last may scrap the present system, and set up a new one which will subject every applicant for the "dole" to a means test, and to which every adult in the country may have to contribute directly a percentage of his income.

Empire trouble

Talking about the Ottawa agreements, they have already resulted in a threat of friction between Canada and Great Britain.

Those Dominions which think that one ambiguously worded clause commits us to drastic action against Russian exports to Britain are likely to find themselves mistaken.

Russia is a market we can't afford to

Look Out for Lower Rates

Our Everyday Heroes



ignore. Our manufacturers have obtained some big orders from Moscow lately—and big orders are what we want.

Royal Duke's future

We understand that the Duke of Gloucester will shortly be promoted to the rank of major, and will be given a Staff appointment, most likely at the War Office.

It is probable that he will then set up a home of his own in London. At present he resides at Buckingham Palace.

Good for him!

Sir John Gilmour has been shabbily treated by the critics, who say he did nothing for the farmers while he was Minister of Agriculture.

He worked for months on the complicated measure which now gives the farmer a guaranteed price of 45s. a quarter for his wheat.

He set to work commissions whose reports may revolutionise the milk and bacon industries.

Honour where honour is due, please!

A real "yellow peril"

Mutinies are constantly breaking out among the Asiatic seamen in British ships.

Hordes of these men—chiefly Chinese—are signed on abroad, paid the lowest possible wage, and treated like slaves.

Meanwhile thousands of British seamen are starving. And nobody thinks it worth while to give them back their jobs!

Could the Board of Trade find time to hold an official investigation?

More trouble

There's a new City sensation. Thousands of people will be ruined if the £1 shares of Africa and Eastern Trading Corporation are reduced to is., as is proposed.

Three years ago the chairman said the shares were worth £4,000,000. Now, apparently, they are valued at only £200,000!

Even Wall Street would find it hard to beat this astounding slump.

See your landlord

Rates have been reduced in several boroughs for the half-year that has just begun.

This means that tenants in houses controlled under the Rent Act are entitled to have their rents reduced by the amount of the rate reduction.

They should see their landlord about it.

New rent shock

It will come as news to most tenants who pay their landlords a round weekly sum to include rent and rates, that rates are a tenant's own responsibility and he may be sued for them if the landlord defaults.

One or two unscrupulous landlords in Liverpool, recently, working on the

"rent plus rates" arrangement, have not passed on the money to the corporation. This has resulted in the tenants having to pay the rates a second time.

The hidden light

The Prince of Wales bought four brightly coloured hand telephones during his visit to Stockholm.

Probably he did not know that he could have got them in this country. Yet the British telephone subscriber, for an initial charge of two guineas and a little extra rent, can have an instrument in old gold, walnut, oxidised silver, ivory, or jade green.

But how many people know this? In this respect the Post Office is hiding its light under the proverbial bushel.

Easy money

Mr. Ernest Frampton, a Hampshire farmer, is in luck. Under his uncle's will, he has only to go to chapel regularly to get a permanent income of ten shillings a week.

It is suggested that Mr. Frampton shall walk up to the minister after service each Sunday and demand his money.

But what a poor way of persuading a man to go to chapel!

Sensible magistrate

Nine showmen were fined at Leeds for allowing people to gamble by rolling pennies into squares.

The magistrate said he couldn't understand why people are allowed to play this game in bazaars all over the country but not on fair grounds.

Neither can we.

Those who think they can make a profit by trying to roll pennies into squares may be foolish, but that's no reason why the time of magistrates and policemen should be wasted.

No baths—by order

Kilmarnock, Scotland, has a population of 35,000 but no public baths or swimming pool. So a deputation of rate-payers interviewed the local council about this deficiency.

"Kilmarnock people don't need baths," was the reply. "They are quite content with the kitchen sink."

We presume the councillors were talking from personal experience.

"Laughter in court"

Frederick Kay was sentenced at Hull Quarter Sessions to three years' penal servitude for a smash-and-grab raid.

No doubt he deserved all he got, but we are pleased with him about one thing. When there was "laughter in court" he leaned from the dock and said: "This is not a picture house, but a court of justice."

There is far too much "laughter in court" by empty-headed spectators whose liberty is not at stake. As the

judges do not seem able to stop it, we will come the assistance that is now apparently to be given them by the men about to "go down."

Daily heroes

Have you ever heard of David York? Probably not.

He is engaged at a coal-mine in Durham and a few months ago, when a cage carrying four men caught a girder in a shaft and remained suspended, he climbed out of the cage into the shaft and made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to save his fellows.

The King has awarded him the Edward Medal, the Miners' V.C., and we record the fact for two reasons.

We are proud of David York, and it is a reminder that many men in their daily jobs perform deeds of gallantry and heroism which may not be engraved on the scroll of fame, but are talked of in thousands of little homes.

Great Britain is full of "David Yorks." All honour to them!

Match for any rogue

Yet another rogue has found his match in JOHN BULL.

Alexander Briggs, the audacious charity cheat, whose activities were fully exposed by us three months ago, has been sent to hard labour for twelve months.

In passing sentence, Mr. Roland Burrows, K.C., criticised the London Evangelistic District Mission, for which Briggs was an accredited collector. We hope its affairs are investigated without delay.

Worth remembering

"I hope Peter will turn out a better man than his daddy."

That was written by a man who, a few days ago, left his home, went away with another woman and committed suicide.

The lesson of the whole sorry thing is that Peter would have had a far better chance if his daddy had pulled himself together and returned to lend Peter a hand.

Anybody can die. But it's better to live—especially if you have "Peters."

Objectionable

Whatever the arguments for and against the provision of State birth control clinics, the indiscriminate circularising of householders with printed matter on birth control is certainly objectionable.

A firm in Fleet Street, London, issued a booklet of this sort, and to many readers who have written to us, its advent through the letter-box is by no means welcome.

And, of course, the firm is merely out to do business in selling its wares.

Your life sentence

You now have only a few days left to put your appeal for £12 a week for life or £5,000 before the "Bulletin" judges.

Freedom from worries for life may reward the sentence you enter by Saturday, October 22. Final coupons are provided on pages 42 and 43, so you have no time to lose if you want to win.

Home work ramp

We are informed that the name of one of the persons sentenced at Marylebone Police Court to twelve months' imprisonment in connection with a home-work fraud was Albert Reginald Wheare, and not, as stated in our last week's issue, Albert Richard Wheare. We willingly give the correction.

KILLING the—

On their way to Olympia—shrouded cars, ghosts of the highway, quickened the public's curiosity—made it want to see those secrets revealed. But that was last year—this time there's no mystery at all...

Motor Show

year that number had fallen to 186,000. This year, I fear, it may fall even lower.

The Motor Show is organised by the motor trade itself, so the remedy is in its own hands.

In the very early days of the industry manufacturers decided they could not allow their rapidly growing industry to be exploited by private showmen, and so they formed their own organisation, and year by year the show became a bigger and more important function, until a year or so back it became a world event. London was at last leading Paris and New York as the world's motor market.

American, French and other world buyers, despite tariffs, had to come to London if they were to sell their cars abroad. And Britain's motor trade overseas forged ahead.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, of which organisation every manufacturer of importance is a member, allows only its own members to exhibit at the show, insists that they all shall sign "the bond" which forbids them to exhibit their cars elsewhere without the permission of the society, and holds a ballot for the show each year to decide who shall have the best spaces at Olympia.

Yet the trade itself is tumbling Olympia from this position as the world's pre-eminent motor exhibition until it will become "just another Motor Show."

The more's the pity, because up to a year

—by—

Thomas H. Wisdom,

—the Motoring Authority—

or so ago the show was the big motoring event of the year: "opening" day was the beginning of a new season. "Hush-hush" models were seen for the first time, and the new prices were announced. No one connected with motors or motoring could afford to stay away.

That month before Olympia resolved itself into a great battle of wits—motoring writers, "enemy" agents, competitive firms versus the manufacturer. Some secrets slipped out, but usually only just enough to whet the appetite of the motoring public.

Then there was the night before "opening day." Vividly I remember, in company with other motor writers, watching the new models, covered with sackings, being wheeled from the lorries that had brought them from Birmingham, Coventry and Oxford. Workmen, sworn to secrecy, rushed "the model" inside Olympia, where, until the great day, it remained under a dust-sheet.

It was a month of rumours. "So-and-so," it was said, was doing this, and his chief competitor was replying with prices "cut" by 20 per cent. Until "the day" nobody really knew what was happening.

Truly the Motor Show made the motor-car.

THE Motor Show, the greatest of all opportunities for pushing what is now Britain's third biggest industry, is being killed!

Unless speedy action is taken, we shall have no Motor Show at all in a year or so's time. The motor trade is throwing away, with apparent disregard, something that has taken twenty years of steady effort to build up.

Britain's Motor Show is regarded the world over as the greatest of all motor exhibitions. Once it was the Paris Salon; New York made a bid for the honour—but Olympia attracts the biggest crowd, and, more important, buyers from all parts of the world.

They come with contracts ready for signing in their pockets, knowing that they will be shown the biggest exhibition of new motor-cars. Some of them come thousands of miles to be on the spot when the "secrets" of Olympia are revealed.

When the curtain rises on the present show at Olympia we shall be shown a five-mile-long procession of cars, varying in price from £100 to £6,500—a wonderful pageant of the world's finest motors.

Yet among all these glittering motor-cars there is not a single one which the general public does not know all about.

All those secrets which in years past manufacturers strove to keep dark until the opening day have been revealed.

Hundreds of 1933 models were in the hands of the motoring public in July, 1932. I drove a 1933 model in May last—eight months before the beginning of the new season!

Olympia 1932 has been heralded by many "Olympias-in-miniature" held all over the country. Nearly every motor manufacturer has held his own Olympia show.

Not one secret

IHAVE been to all of them—in Coventry, in Birmingham, at Oxford and in London. Here the new models have been shown, just as they are at Olympia, and inspected and discussed by agents and motorists.

And so Olympia has no secrets to reveal, and this great Motor Show, instead of being the big trade occasion of the year, when contracts for the new year were signed by agents and the ordinary private motorist ordered his new model, is now simply an exhibition of the world's finest motor-cars gathered under one roof.

Many motor manufacturers, I know, view this position with alarm. The average motorist is not going to Olympia to see cars which he already knows all about, and big buyers may stay away because "there's nothing new."

In 1930, 223,000 people went to Olympia. Last

Thousands of people who never dreamed of buying a car came to Olympia, curious to find out what all the "hush-hush" business was about. Those were the people who became motorists.

Nowadays it is very different. "Show cars" arrive under their own power and, undisguised, are driven into Olympia. There is no need for secrecy—after all, the model is probably four or five months old; prices were fixed long ago, and hundreds of these cars are already on the road.

Unless some change is made in this policy, I can foresee the time when we shall be seeing a 1936 model at the 1934 show, and even then it will not be new!

The position is bad enough already. Only a few days ago, before the show of the 1933 models had opened, I saw in a motor showroom a second-hand 1933 model for sale!

Fatal wait-and-see

OLYMPIA still is our "motor shop," of course, and, even if the latest thing is really months old, thousands of motorists will still go. It is their one opportunity to compare one model side by side with another. For this purpose of comparison Olympia, of course, has no equal. That is the Motor Show's saving grace.

Sir Herbert Austin, one of Britain's first "motor-car kings" and father of the baby car, told me recently that he had observed with considerable misgiving the tendency to make new programme announcements early in the year, as it was certain to have disastrous effects, not only upon second-hand car values, but upon car sales generally.

"In all conscience, the passenger-car selling seasons are sufficiently spasmodic as it is," Sir Herbert declared. "In the past the Motor Show has often been blamed for the lull in the sales between July and October—the cry was 'People are waiting to see what the show will bring forth.'"

"With the early announcements which now take place, we are getting the 'wait-and-see' complex more strongly developed than ever in the car-buying public, and extending it over a much longer period. I would like to see a definite period made for such announcements, so that this whole trade-disturbing business could be got over in one fell swoop."

During this year's show there will be many secret conferences and committee meetings of motor manufacturers to try and get this matter settled. The 1934 cars, it is hoped, will be 1934 models in effect as well as in name. And the Olympia Show of 1933 will, I trust, again become the Mecca of all motorists and would-be motorists who have been waiting their first opportunity of seeing the new motors.

Olympia must be placed once more on that pinnacle from which it is in danger of toppling!

The Old BAILEY'S

"Sir Henry Humanity"
at home with his wife
and their grand-
daughters

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, named Sarah Murphy, who faced Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., from the dock of Court No. 3 at the Old Bailey at 10.30 a.m. on Monday, October 3, 1932, has accidentally gained a place in legal history.

Downcast, she stood before our most humane judge—his "last case."

"The jury have rightly found you not guilty," observed Sir Henry in that kindly whisper that has put fresh hope into so many hearts. "You are acquitted without a stain upon your character."

And so she left the court, unaware that hers was the last name that Sir Henry would ever write in the Old Bailey Records.

When "Sarah Murphy, false pretences charge, acquitted," had been written on the depositions of her case, the Old Bailey's Grand Old Man laid down his pen for the last time.

"Sir Henry Humanity"

The most humane judge had given his final verdict at the age of eighty-four, after a long and brilliant career both at the Bar and on the Bench. Those who know him intimately will agree with me that it is fitting that that verdict was an acquittal.

Touching tributes will be paid at a function that is being planned in Sir Henry's honour to take place at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C., on October 21, when our most eminent lawyers will bid farewell to "Sir Henry Humanity," as he is affectionately known.

There will be few dry eyes, I imagine, when he rises to say good-bye in that soft, faltering voice that even criminals have revered.

Never has there been a more humane judge than he. I doubt if there will ever be another quite like him.

So remarkable are his qualities that it is safe to say that no one of the 8,700 people whose cases he has crowded into his Old Bailey career could have anything but praise for the way in which their cases were heard.

Hundreds of them, indeed, readily acknowledge that the kindly understanding he showed them in their hour of trial was the means of putting them on their feet again and saving them from what might have been a life of crime.

His one regret

Deep in his heart Sir Henry has one sorrow—that his famous father did not live to see him called to the Bar.

It was during his brilliant career at Cambridge that his father passed away, beloved by the world for the human kindness revealed in his works.

How proud Charles Dickens would be to-day to know that his son has cherished the same ideals of justice and fair play.

Ever the fearless champion of the oppressed and the fallen, he would have delighted in the practical helpfulness which Sir Henry has always shown as an official dispenser of justice.

The son's reverence for his father's memory is touchingly illustrated by the courageous manner in which he has fought and killed the lying scandals that have sometimes been circulated by those who have sought to besmirch the great writer's name.

Throughout his fifty-five years in the legal world Sir Henry Dickens has endeared himself to all who have known him.

His kindness, his good humour and his scrupulous fairness have been his chief characteristics, and he has always



won the admiration and respect of juries, even in long and tedious cases.

But it is during the last seventeen years as Common Serjeant of the City of London that his humane qualities have been given full rein.

When he took his seat at the Old Bailey for the first time he carried with him a motto by which he has stood all through the years:

*A judge must not only condemn,
but also dispense mercy.*

Few people know how earnestly he tried to live up to that motto; few know of the great good he did in dispensing mercy whenever circumstances permitted him to do so.

Several cases which spring to my mind will illustrate how hard he worked behind the scenes to save young men from being driven into crime.

For obvious reasons I refrain from disclosing their names. But one is a youth—a victim of unemployment—who found himself in trouble through the activities of a man much older than himself.

Both appeared before Sir Henry. And I know how sorry he was for that boy, a widow's son.

The mother was a witness in the case, and, not

*"I doubt if
there will
ever be
another like
him."—Sir
Henry chats
with Lord
Mersey in
Hyde Park*

by An Old Bailey Colleague

being allowed in court until she had given her evidence, was waiting—a silent, weeping figure—in the public hall, for her turn to come to say her few words on her boy's behalf.

A mother's joy

The Grand Old Man knew of her distress, for, unknown to anyone, he had previously sent an usher to bring her to his private room at the Old Bailey.

He had questioned her closely about the lad, showing a kindly interest in his schooling and the work he had done prior to the last, soul-destroying spell of unemployment.

Above all, he was anxious to find out

if the lad was really beyond parental control.

That, I can reveal, was a question he has asked scores of parents. He has similarly interviewed privately in the homely little room which was his study at the Old Bailey.

I shall never forget the poignant climax to this case.

It ended dramatically in the public hall with the mother suddenly crying out "My boy! my boy!" and swooning to the ground.

She was never called as a witness, and had been overcome with joy at the sight of her son emerging from Court No. 3 in the care of a probation officer.

The boy was weeping, too, though his visions of jail had vanished.

Sir Henry had dispensed justice with mercy in this case by talking to the boy like a father for twenty minutes—and then letting him go.

Young people have ever been the subject of his closest attention, and I know how pained he has been in recent times by the fact that so many smash-and-grab raiders are mere youths.

On their honour

He always hated having to send a young man to jail, and has probably sent more youths to Borstal and other reformatory institutions than any other living judge.

I recall one case in which two young men were charged with theft from a Church Army depot.

Early in the proceedings Sir Henry came to the conclusion that they were not really thieves, but thoughtless scamps who nursed some grievance against certain officials in the Church Army.

He lectured these young men for fully ten minutes after they had been found guilty.

Everybody, including the prisoners themselves, believed they were going to jail.

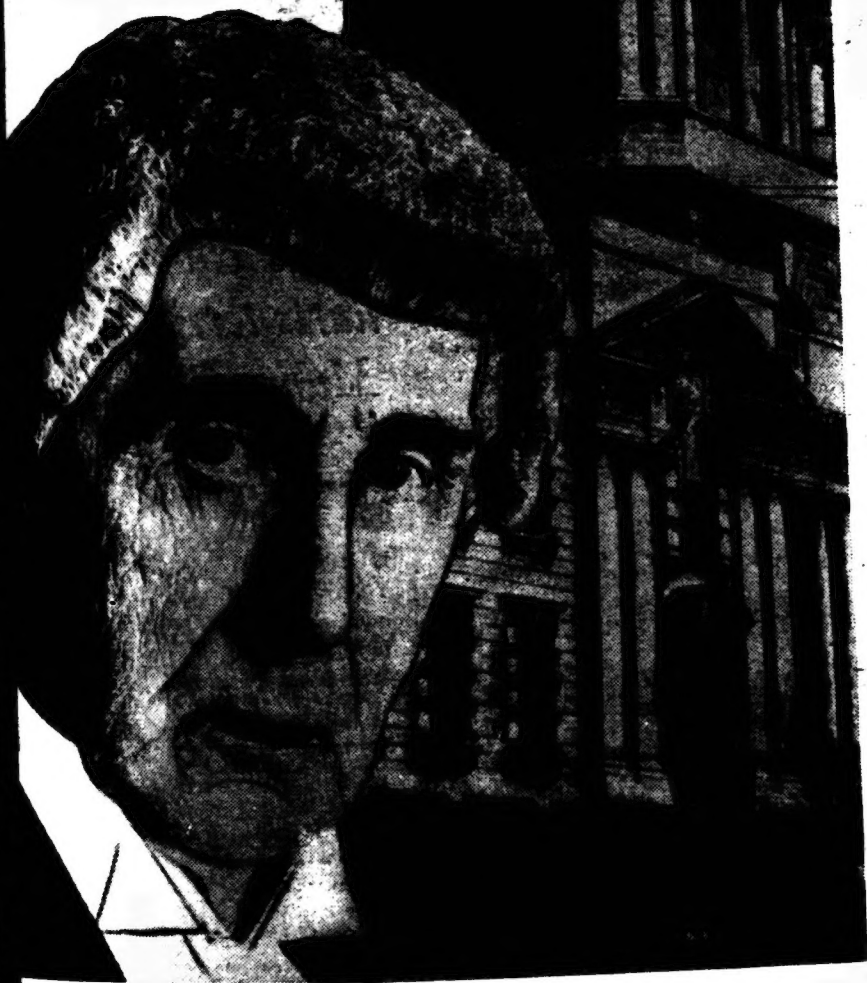
But Sir Henry put them on their honour to mend their ways.

"Go away and do some honest work," he counselled them. "And don't shatter



GRAND OLD MAN

Farewell to our Most Humane Judge



The figure of Justice on the grim Criminal Court and Sir Henry Dickens, who has tempered that justice with so much understanding and humanity

the faith I am placing in you by not sending you to prison."

"They haven't done so, so the wisdom of his judgment is confirmed."

Another splendid illustration of Sir Henry's humanity lies behind the story of a man who came up at the Old Bailey two years ago on serious housebreaking charges.

He had been arrested by Detective-Sergeant Nunn of Scotland Yard on a warrant relating to several cases, and he pleaded guilty.

His record was truly appalling. Most of his life he had spent in jail.

A chance—at last

Most judges and most men would have looked upon him as incorrigible. Not so Sir Henry.

As he took in the details of the man's record which was placed before him, his genial face became clouded, and he asked some searching questions.

For a long time he sat and pondered. He desired to do the right thing in very difficult circumstances, although the

man was a self-confessed criminal who had pleaded guilty.

Finally he raised his head, met the man's gaze, and said with a noticeable tremor in his voice:

"Yours has been a shocking career. You have spent thirty years out of fifty-three in jail. It is a terrible record."

Again he lapsed into silence, fingering the man's police file almost tremblingly. The sound of the turning pages was the only one to be heard in the hushed court until he spoke again in a voice that was little above a whisper.

"But," he said, "I see that, when you were only sixteen years of age, they sent you to jail for breaking a chapel window. . . . That astonishing sentence did nothing but introduce you to criminal acquaintances and led you later to a sentence of penal servitude. . . ."

He allowed but a moment for these words to sink in; then, obviously with great emotion, he concluded:

"But I will give you the chance you have never had and put you on probation for two years. Don't ever come before me again." He hasn't.

And here is another case. It concerned

a young man of good family and education who had imposed upon a number of women under a false name.

Declaring that his frauds were premeditated and despicable, Sir Henry Dickens sentenced him to twenty-one months' imprisonment with hard labour.

But this decision worried him all night, and next morning he sent for the officials concerned and asked them to bring the charge papers of the case back to him.

Picking up his pen, he instantly struck out the words "hard labour" and substituted "second division."

"I don't want to take the risk of that young man mixing with old and hardened criminals," he said; "that's all."

Sir Henry was also exceptionally careful in his direction of cases where women accused young men of serious offences.

I recall one when all concerned could tell from the first that Sir Henry had already reached a decision in the young man's favour.

He began by asking him whether he had a barrister to defend him. As he hadn't, Sir Henry put off the case for a day in order that steps could be taken to give the man legal aid.

Then he directed the defending barrister's attention to a certain section of the Act under which the youth was charged.

The jury found him not guilty. It was that little legal aid that did it!

Treasured letters

It is not generally known that welfare workers and probation officers have, at Sir Henry's request, frequently found work for people to whom he has given a real chance.

He always liked them to report regularly to him how such "cases" were going on, and I know that he can now pride himself on the fact that there have been few failures.

Some of those whom he has helped in this way, as well as financially, now treasure kindly letters of advice that he penned to them.

A former thief whose reformation was undoubtedly due to Sir Henry's interest, recently died. In his pocket was found a letter from Sir Henry expressing the fervent hope that he would never resort to crime again.

A sum of money had been enclosed to help him at the time, but the fact that this man had treasured the letter to the last shows the value he placed upon these few written words.

Sir Henry had pronounced views in bigamy cases, and never sentenced an offender if there was reasonable doubt.

One instance that stands out very

vividly in my memory concerns a male bigamist. Sir Henry privately ascertained that the man was highly respectable and happily united to the woman with whom he had gone through the illegal ceremony. His first wife was in an asylum.

"I shall order your immediate release," said Sir Henry. "Your wife has been in a mental institution for ten years and throughout that time dead to you and your children."

"I do not think there is a moral stain on what you have done. You may go."

White heather

The couple left the court with his good wishes like hundreds of others who might, at the hands of less thoughtful judges, have been started on a downward career by a first prison sentence.

I know that at many times when he had to consider unusually poignant cases he was very near to tears, but I can only recall one occasion on which he really broke down.

That was when his friend and colleague Sir Herbert Austin died. He retired to the privacy of his own room and it was some time before he was sufficiently composed to resume work.

In thought and action he has always preserved characteristic touches of sentiment. On every anniversary of his wedding-day he would bring a little sprig of white heather into court with him and place it reverently upon his desk.

Yet he was at the same time most meticulous and businesslike in every particular. It was his unswerving custom to write down every word of importance in the cases he tried.

He seemed quite tireless, and I have known times when he has patiently written tens of thousands of words in connection with one case alone.

A great—man

But latterly, of course, it was patent to all who knew him intimately that he could not commit his notes to paper with the old speed. The long term of his splendid judicial service was inevitably drawing to a close.

And now he has passed into honourable retirement. He has been a great judge, a great lawyer and a great man; a worthy son of a famous father.

May his remaining years be the richer for the memories of the kindness and mercy he has shown to the countless troubled souls he has helped throughout his long term of office as our most humane judge.

SHARE SNARES

THE folly of trusting City philanthropists who seem eager to make fortunes for others is evidenced by the many letters which reach us from readers whose actual experience has been disappointing.

One recent example of what we mean is afforded by the operations of a firm of self-styled stock and share dealers called John D. Gray, Ltd., of 155, Fenchurch Street, London.

A Yeovil reader was impressed by this company's offer of one hundred shares in a flourishing concern.

He was assured that he could buy advantageously and confidently expect a steady improvement in price.

A payment of £93 2s. 6d. was made to John D. Gray and Co., but on receiving only twenty-five shares instead of the promised one hundred, our reader began to grow uneasy.

He pressed for the completion of the

transaction, but as there seemed no prospect of obtaining the balance of his shares, he sought to recover some of his money.

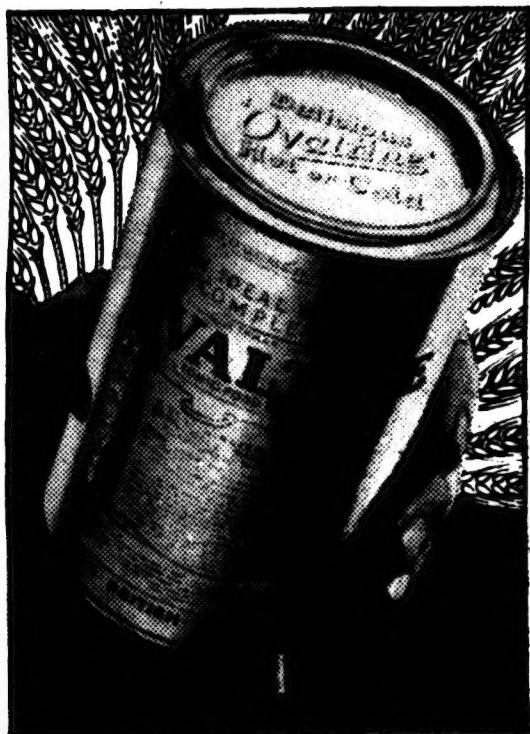
For a time his appeals were fruitless, then, under a threat of legal proceedings, the firm agreed to make a refund by instalments.

A promissory note was actually issued, but when it fell due for payment it was dishonoured.

We are scarcely surprised, for we find that John D. Gray, Ltd., is a company that has long dabbled in dubious share transactions.

One of its directors is a man called F. Speagell, who is a notorious bucket-shop runner of a most persistent type.

Readers who wish to speculate on the Stock Exchange should do so through recognised brokers and avoid all touting offers from strangers who profess to have "inside information" and a flair for making speedy fortunes.



Ovaltine— often imitated -never equalled

THE world-wide success of "Ovaltine," achieved entirely by merit, has inevitably led to the introduction of imitations. But they are widely different from "Ovaltine." They differ in the ingredients from which they are made, and in the methods by which they are manufactured, and consequently they do not possess the supreme health-giving qualities of "Ovaltine."

Imitators often pay us the compliment of admitting that the ingredients of "Ovaltine" are the best possible food combination. It should be remembered, however, that "Ovaltine" is an original product, prepared to an exclusive formula and by a process invented and perfected by its proprietors—a firm with a universal reputation as scientists and specialists in the manufacture of food products. This formula and process cannot be copied.

The superiority of "Ovaltine" depends also on the quality of the ingredients and the proportions in which they are used. The following points are of the utmost importance:—

"Ovaltine" is made from:

New-laid Eggs, from our own and selected farms.

Malt Extract, from English barley, the finest the world produces.

Creamy Milk, brought daily from England's richest pastures.

Cocoa, which is added as a flavouring only, and is not relied upon for food value.

"Ovaltine" does NOT contain:

Starch—an undesirable feature in a tonic food beverage.

Household Sugar—for which no one wishes to pay a fancy price.

A large percentage of cocoa—which does not compare favourably in assimilable food value with the other ingredients of "Ovaltine."

It would be easy to reduce the price of "Ovaltine" by making it by a less scientific process, re-arranging the proportion of its ingredients, and by adding large percentages of cheap ingredients—such as sugar and cocoa. It would then contain indigestible starch and would not be—as it is now—so easily digestible that every particle is nourishment. It would not possess its supreme health-giving properties.

Considering the superior quality of "Ovaltine" it is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Do not accept substitutes. They are definitely not "like Ovaltine."

There is nothing to equal delicious "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.

P.354

There is only
ONE
'OVALTINE'

"I try
and try to
be good..."



...but some
days chafing
hurts terribly
Mummy!"

NURSE H. M.
YORK, C.M.B., says: "Chafing means
cruel discomfort for baby. I urge mothers
to keep a supply of pure, safe 'Vaseline'
Jelly in regular nursery use."



BABY doesn't want
to cry; but what
else can he do when
moisture and napkins
make him so chafed?

A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly
smoothed on every time baby is
changed, and always after his bath, pro-
tects the tender surface from irritation
or moisture. If chafing has already
occurred, the "Vaseline" Jelly lubri-
cates the sore surface and hastens
natural healing.

This care costs so little — yet means
so much to baby's comfort. Every
mother needs her jar of "Vaseline"
Jelly. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willemsden,
London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

A FREE OFFER

★ A guarantee sample of a new wonder
treatment which conquers all leg
troubles and kindred ailments is
offered on the back cover. This,
together with a special free booklet
and copies of recent testimonials, will
be sent to all sufferers. This new bio-
logical treatment restores the natural
power of healing through the blood.
Get full particulars of the "RIASTO"
Blood treatment by writing to the
firm whose address appears in the ad.
Turn to the Back Cover now

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to

Your INDIA
has
Gone WEST!

MY DEAR KIPLING,—It is your own fault that I do not have to call you "My lord." They say that you have even refused an earldom.

I am not surprised because, in the full flush of your success, you were one of the bulwarks of the old Imperialism and, within the limits of your understanding, you have served your country with a passionate loyalty to an idea which, however old-fashioned it may seem to-day, enthused some years ago vast masses of the population.

Now, you are pre-war—yes, definitely a relic of the Edwardian age, the one when many of us really believed that there were "lesser breeds without the law" and that God was always on the side of the British Empire.

I realised, in dramatic surroundings once, how narrow that was. I stood, at Bonar Law's funeral, in Westminster Abbey, beside the French Ambassador and all the other representatives of the Great Powers who, with bowed heads, had to listen when we sang your "Recessional," in which we all pretended how sorry we were, after the Boer War, although, even then, we were not too sorry to think that we were superior to everybody else.

You share with W. S. Gilbert a distinction unique among the writers of my time. Many thousands of people all over the country could recite, not long since, your verses from memory all through. They knew by heart your eulogy of Bobs and Gunga-Din and



Puzzy-Wuzzy and your "MacAndrew's Hymn"—this when they were not reciting, late at night, the words of "Iolanthe" or "The Gondoliers."

You had strange worshippers. I have seen in financiers' offices your "If" framed, inspiring men, apparently, not to a life of service, but with greater zest with which to go out and make other people buy dud shares.

I can recall one armament manufacturer who, during the war, had "If" printed all over his factory, and who was greeted by all his workpeople with a shout of "If" whenever he entered the building.

Most of these men are now bankrupt. But "If" goes on.

I can remember when first you burst into public fame as the author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," banality which excited the whole country. The soldiers in the Boer War were not



absent-minded and they were certainly not beggars. But you got away even with that.

There is much in your work which can be criticised. After all, your youth was spent in a country which had more contrast and drama and colour than any other land on earth. It had elephants and leper camps, the Taj Mahal and grim, biting poverty side by side, the largest jewels in the world and the poorest of all people.

Maharajahs, proud in Oriental array, swept out of sight timorous natives whenever they passed, and the Untouchables were spurned by all.

Yet almost all that you could write about it was how three private soldiers got drunk and how, in Simla, officers misbehaved themselves with other men's wives. Then, however, you wrote "Kim," into which you put the soul of India. Even to-day it remains true. Your Jungle books bored me as they

did more people than you know. I was long impatient at the narrowness of your Anglo-Indian mind, which is out of date to-day. You saw a purpose. I saw a tyranny. You saw a mission. I saw a clique. And unfortunately, you inspired the wrong set of people to do the wrong kind of things. You stimulated their pride, so that every Indian Civil Servant fancied himself a Clive. Then the war came and its harvest of disillusion left you far behind.

Still, in your time, you wrote the greatest short stories penned by any Englishman since writing began. Some of them, in spite of the grimness of your men, were deeply spiritual. Some of them, like "The Village that Voted the Earth Flat," for instance, were daringly inventive.

Your "Stalky and Co." shocked, in its time, people who liked to believe that the schools to which upper-middle-class boys went were, oh, so very pl. Yet they set a new fashion in such writings, for they were true. They killed "Eric, or Little by Little" for ever. You were Beetle yourself. You wrote down what you knew.

What will remain of your work, none of us can tell. "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," I think, will survive for generations. But, just now, the world is not in a mood for most of the ideas you wrote down, however brilliantly they were penned.

While it is groping for a new understanding, you remain a satrap. You and your kind really think we ought to go on bossing. We have already lost Ireland that way and, if we are not careful, India will go, too.

A few months ago, I saw you pass through the Central Lobby of the House of Commons. You stalked—a lonely figure, unrecognised.

I knew who you were, but I doubt if anybody else realised that there was passing a man who should have been Poet Laureate, and would have been but for the fact that you once called Queen Victoria "The Widow of Windsor," which was merely true.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Release Walter Rohrlapper. Coming to Britain for a day's trip on a tourist ticket, he was ordered by his Berlin newspaper to go to Lancashire and get the latest strike news. Misunderstanding the terms of a tourist ticket, he did so.

Now the Burnley Bench has sent him to jail for four weeks!

English journalists do things like that to keep the public—and the British Cabinet—well-informed. And we should have something to say if they were imprisoned.

JOHN BULL.

M. NICHOLAS TITULESCU,
4, Cromwell Place, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The reasons you give for your resignation as Rumanian Minister in London and permanent delegate to the League of Nations are unanswerable. As you say, a diplomat can survive any accident save one: that of believing he represents his country when, in fact, he has ceased to do so.

I wish you could give a lecture to some of our purblind politicians on this theme.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. E. S. WOODS,
Bishop of Croydon

DEAR BISHOP,—No doubt it was broad-minded of you to lead the deputation supporting Sunday cinemas in Croydon. But why should you presume to set yourself up as chairman of a committee to dictate the nature of the entertainment to be offered?

That is a matter for the general pub-

lic. You should confine the exercise of your authority to the members of your flock.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. LLOYD DAVIES: You know employer who wants good-looking, well-educated girl to work 57 hours a week for half a crown. Did he also stipulate that the girl should be half-witted?—

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P.,
55, Romney Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The firm of which you are chairman offered its workers an increase either in earnings or in leisure.

They chose a five-day week, and have thus provided work for others.

Most firms, unfortunately, cannot afford to make such an offer nowadays, but if they could, I am sure they would all receive a similar reply.

Congratulations to you—and your staff.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ALFRED WATSON,
Calcutta

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—By their repeated attempts to assassinate you, political terrorists pay the highest compliment to your integrity as editor of a leading Indian newspaper.

Deeply as I regret these dastardly attempts on your life, they make me immensely proud of you and of our professional brotherhood.

Long may you live to prove that the pen is mightier than the sword as an instrument of truth and justice!

JOHN BULL.

MARY MOORE,
Collyhurst, Manchester

MADAM,—So keen are you on making money that you crammed eight adults and a child into your four-roomed house, for which you pay 8s. a week. The lodgers paid you 25s.

The magistrate, who said the case was one of the worst he had ever heard, fined you £5, the maximum penalty.

It shouldn't be hard to find by a woman who can make so much out of so little.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. FLORENCE ANDREWS, Bucklebury: Glad your ten-year-old son, whom you induced to steal, will be free of your influence for at least the six months you will be in jail.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILL POSTLETHWAITE,
On Board s.s. "Doric"

DEAR WILL,—What a paragon of perseverance you are!

A farm labourer now aged seventy-three, for the past nineteen years you have saved a weekly threepenny bit with the ambition of having a good holiday some day.

You have just changed over a thousand of them and paid your passage for a twelve-day cruise to the Mediterranean. Yes, it certainly is "dogged as does it."

JOHN BULL.

EDWIN STANLEY FARMER,
Parkhurst Road, Tottenham

ROGUE,—I want to record your name as that of a particularly contemptible scoundrel.

Courting a respectable girl without revealing that you were married, you

were accepted by her family and took the opportunity to steal £30 from her father's bureau.

Your three months in jail should teach you a lesson you badly need.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. ISAAC,
Nelson, Glamorgan

DEAR MR. ISAAC,—When motoring the other day, a burly fellow suddenly knelt in the roadway and levelled a revolver at your car.

You just blew your horn, accelerated, and drove straight at him, whereupon he jumped up and dived into the hedge.

The best way to call his bluff!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. JESSOP,
Oldham County Treasurer

DEAR SIR,—I notice that the committee administering the Means Test in the Oldham County area is angry because the Ministry of Labour won't pay the cost of the teas it imbibes while sitting.

Well, the committee members may be voluntary workers. But people who have to deal with a sad procession of unfortunates should learn the lesson of self-sacrifice.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HAROLD PINK,
British Hospitals Association

DEAR SIR,—The late General Booth declared that he would accept money from the Devil himself and use it in the service of God.

Now your association has passed a resolution undertaking to distribute to needy hospitals any funds raised from the proceeds of lotteries or sweepstakes.

Good for humanity!

JOHN BULL.

This Boot will give you complete Foot Comfort throughout the Winter

CHOOOSE Impregnable for this winter and you can forget your footwear till spring. Then let winter do its worst—no matter—for Impregnable boots and shoes are built for the roughest weather and the toughest going. Rain, snow, mud and slush . . . they take it all in their stride and like it. For foot-

wear that is kind to your feet and your pocket as well, Impregnable are unbeatable. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Impregnables write us, giving the name of your usual Boot suppliers.

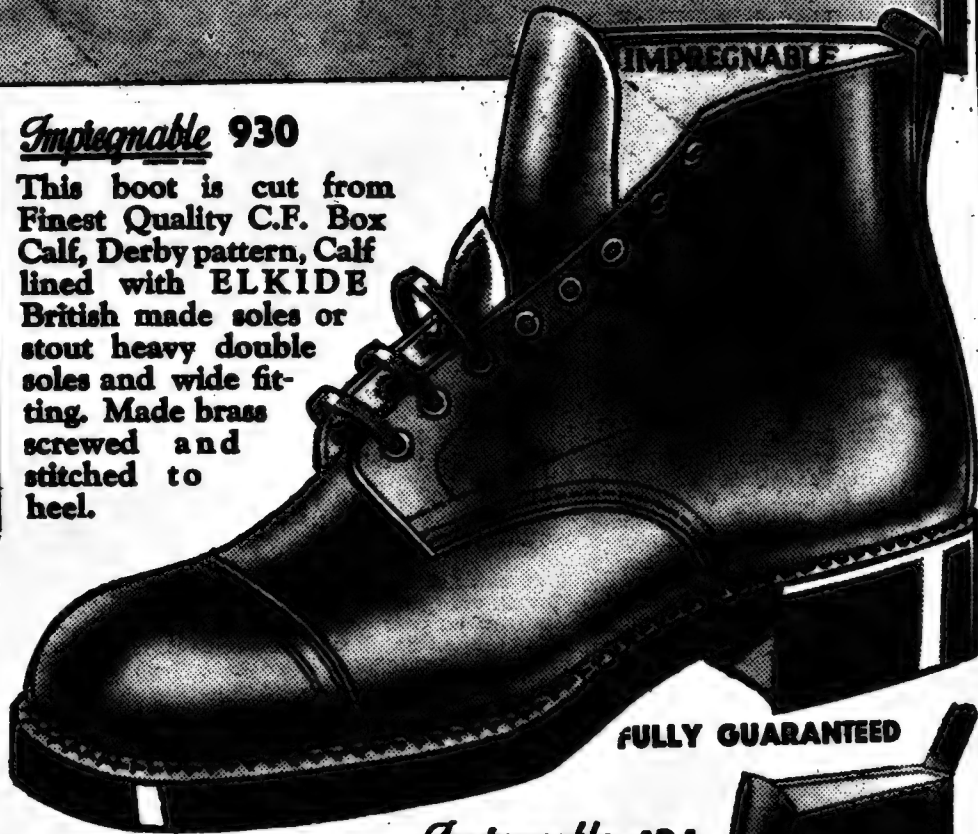


Impregnable BRITISH MADE ELKIDE SOLES

Exhaustive tests prove that the ELKIDE—a new sole material obtainable exclusively on Impregnable Boots—outlasts three ordinary soles. ELKIDE is a wonderful material—light—flexible—waterproof—and very kind to your feet—try it!

Impregnable 930

This boot is cut from Finest Quality C.F. Box Calf, Derby pattern, Calf lined with ELKIDE British made soles or stout heavy double soles and wide fitting. Made brass screwed and stitched to heel.



FULLY GUARANTEED

**MEN'S PRICES
FROM**

12/9 to 21/-

Impregnable 152

Willow Calf Oxford, calf quarter lining, medium fitting, with "Impregnable" Elkide sole, made Goodyear welted. A nice fine Walking Shoe.

FULLY GUARANTEED



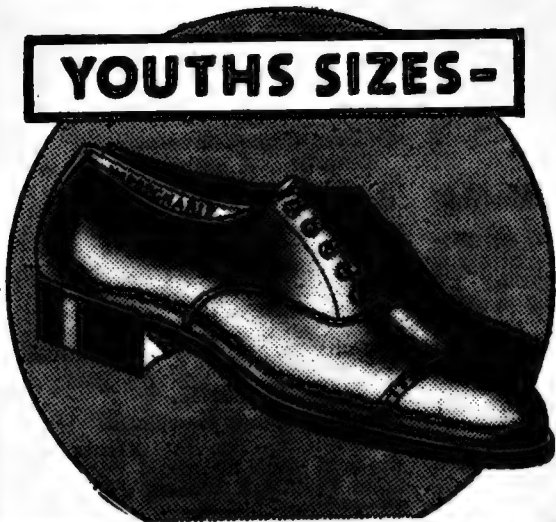
Impregnable 434

A fine quality C.F. Box Calf Derby Boot, leather lined, Goodyear welted, medium weight and 7's fitting. A comfortable and easy wearing boot.

FULLY GUARANTEED



YOUTHS SIZES—



From all Good Shoe Shops

Impregnable

REGISTERED BRAND

Impregnable Y.735.

Box Calf Gibson Shoe, leather quarter lining, made stitched to heel, "Impregnable" Elkide sole, medium wide fitting.

FULLY GUARANTEED

**PRICES OF YOUTHS' FITTINGS
FROM 8/9 TO 12/9**

Wholesale only Made by **JOHN WHITE** (Impregnable Boots) Ltd., of **RUSHDEN, NORTHANTS**

De Valera's BIG CHANCE

by
A. G. GARDINER



Mr. Thomas and Mr. De Valera may stand together, but always there is that tariff wall between them

going to keep our thumping embargo on Irish imports and the Irish are going to keep their thumping duty on British goods.

But at least Mr. De Valera, stimulated no doubt by his difficulties at home, seems more accommodating than he has been hitherto, and the British Government has dropped its demand that the annuities in dispute should be handed over before the talk begins.

The idea of arbitration has been dropped and direct talk between the two countries substituted.

It cannot well be brief, because Mr. De Valera insists on "the sums" besides the land annuities being considered. They range from Royal Irish Constabulary pensions to annuities arising from the Telegraph Acts of 1892-1921.

But it is to the interest of everybody that the quarrel should be settled with the utmost speed. While it goes on both countries are losing money hand-over-fist by the crazy war of tariffs that is paralysing trade. And neither of us can afford to lose money hand-over-fist.

The most stricken industry is that of Irish agriculture. The Irish farmer has, broadly speaking, only one market for his products, and he is fast losing that. As a remedy Mr. De Valera now offers him a subsidy; but as this can only be paid out of taxation levied on him it looks rather like emptying one pocket

in order to fill up another that has a hole in it.

We put a duty on Irish imported cattle: Mr. De Valera puts a bounty on Irish exported cattle. But as the farmer has to provide the bounty himself he cannot long be deceived by so naive a device.

But all the loss is not on one side. The Irish farmer and the Irish consumer feel the pinch most because British trade is relatively more important to them than Irish trade is to the British consumer. We, with Ulster, take roughly 95 per cent. of Free State exports, while British exports to the Free State represent only something like 10 per cent. of our total.

But though Ireland is not so vital to our trade as we are to hers, she is one of our best customers. She, with her small population, buys more from us than any other single country except India, France and Germany.

Throwing trade away

She is more important to us than the United States, or Australia, or Canada, or the Argentine. In fact, with the possible exception of New Zealand, the Irish consume more per head of British exports than any people on earth.

So it comes to this, that Britain and Ireland are economically more closely related than any other two countries. We take practically everything that Ireland exports, and Ireland buys from us nearly all the imports she consumes.

This is good business for each. There was never a time when the business was more important to both of us. Trade all over the world is perishing, and here is a steady exchange amounting to not far short of £100,000,000 a year which helps both of us to keep our heads above water.

And we are solemnly engaged in throwing this business on the scrap-heap. The pace at which this mutual destruction is going on can be illus-

trated by one or two figures. In the first seven months of this year the total Irish exports (practically all to Britain and Northern Ireland) fell from £19,576,014 to £16,540,953. In the same period Irish imports (mostly from Britain and Northern Ireland) fell from £29,467,367 to £27,969,207.

This is the first cost of the tariff war—£4,533,221 in seven months! The bulk of it is borne by the Irish. Roughly, their share of the loss is three millions against our 1½ millions. But that is no comfort to one. The game of beggar-my-neighbour ultimately beggars both.

Bad mixture

And how has this insane throat-cutting business come about? Not because the British consumer has got tired of Irish bacon for breakfast or Irish butter for tea, or Dublin stout for supper. Nor is it because the Irish peasant ceases to want our textiles or the Irish railways our coal.

No. It has come about by mixing up politics with business.

Personally I do not care twopence whether the Irish Free State becomes a Republic outside the British Commonwealth or remains a self-governing community within the Commonwealth.

I have my private opinion as to which policy would serve her interests best, but that is beside the point. If she wants to be a foreign country, she will become a foreign country, and nothing we can say or do will stop her. It is a question for Irishmen themselves—Irishmen in England as well as Irishmen in Ireland—and I take it that it is the real issue between Mr. De Valera and Mr. Cosgrave to-day. Well, let them, in heaven's name, settle it.

Let's have peace!

But while I am indifferent to the political status of Ireland, I am deeply concerned that the economic interests of the two countries should not be sacrificed to a political wrangle. The Irish farmer wants to trade with England freely and unobstructedly, and the English manufacturer wants to trade with Ireland in the same way. And the business of the politician is to leave them at liberty to do so.

I hope that the negotiations that are about to begin will end the costly war that is now impoverishing both sides.

Not from the B.B.C.—M. Robert Boucard, the French Author, explores

In Darkest Downing Street

SPIES!

British spies!!
Weaving webs and dropping lies!!
Though they try to pose as tourists,
I can spot them at a glance.

In the rues I see them lurking;
Slyly, silently, they're working
At their loathsome occupation of destroying La Belle France!

Spies!

Busy spies!!
Cunning experts at disguise!!!
Some are men in golfing costume; some
are women hung with pearls.
Nom d'une pipe! They can't deceive me!
I have traced them all, believe me,
Though they masquerade as artists or
as Tiller's Dancing Girls!

Spies!

Hordes of spies!!
They're of every shape and size!!!
Sent across the English Channel, I can
see them every where!
For I watch them without slumber;
And, I tell you, they outnumber
Even the straws—you're free to count
them—waving gaily in my hair!

Perfidious Albion has attempted to
ridicule my book, "Les Dessous de
l'Espionage Anglais," on the cover of

which is depicted a hand plucking aside
the Union Jack to reveal a grinning skull.

Your English newspapers—which take
their orders from the Spy Headquarters—
have given my book what you call ze
merry ha-ha; but my facts speak for
themselves.

In my book I make tell of the enormous
sums supplied to British spies in
France from "the inexhaustible coffers of
the Intelligence Service," and I reveal
what few people even in England had
hitherto suspected—namely, that No. 10,
Downing Street is the headquarters of
this nefarious organisation.

The disclosures I have made of how
these emissaries of England think nothing
of blackmailing and murdering innocent
Frenchmen to gain their vile ends should
shock the civilised world.

So, too, should my authentic description
of the secret school for spies situated
"in Devonshire, in the suburbs of London,"
for I have spared not of pains to
verify my facts.

I went to the suburb of Devonshire by
a No. 11 'bus, and there, on the boulevards,
I saw female spies disguised as
milkmaids. I also tracked down men
spies who were brewing a secret preparation
known as "ze cyder"—one of the
most deadly of drugs.

And, to clinch the matter, in my book
I am able to supply the names of the two

sinister figures who control this vast spy
organisation—they are "sir Thompson"
and "sir Kahn."

Some English readers want to know if
"sir Kahn" is Otto Kahn, or the Aga
Khan, or Monsieur Watering Kahn? I
have not yet been able to ascertain which
of these monseurs is the Big White
Chief, but in my next book I have hope
to reveal this also.

I have still got some facts what you call
"up ze sleeve."

And when they are published, then
William le Queux
No more will be read. For you'd scarcely
believe

The things I've unearthed in that house
in the Rue
de Downing, where Chief Spy, "sir Kahn"
and his henchmen,
Forgather in cellars to plot against
Frenchmen.

An arsenal huge, in control of a man
Called "sir Clarkson," is run by the
State, and supplies

False whiskers and wigs for the tools of
"sir Kahn";

And a super-spy, expert in arts of dis-
guise.

I'm out to expose as a dangerous sinner—
A man named "sir Norman," who calls
himself "Skinner"!

War goes on

This is excellent as far as it goes,
and, as I have been, and still am, one of
the severest critics of Sir John Simon's
foreign policy, it is only fair that I
should thank him when the opportunity
of thanking him arises. It is he who
has broken the deadlock by devising the
"direct negotiation" formula. He has
prevailed on Mr. De Valera to accept
it and induced him to invite Mr. Thomas
to meet him on his way through
London.

So, my dear Lord Beaverbrook, some
good does come out of Geneva, after
all.

It must not be supposed that all the
trouble is over and that everything is
going to be "lovely in the garden" at
once. There is to be no immediate
cessation of the tariff war. We are still

£1000 IN CASH FOR SMOKERS

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £10
AND 40 PRIZES of £1 EACH

A Wonderful Opportunity for Every
Smoker to Win a Big CASH PRIZE.

Imperial

OLD BRUYERE

LONDON MADE

The Pipe with the most
"Quality" Features

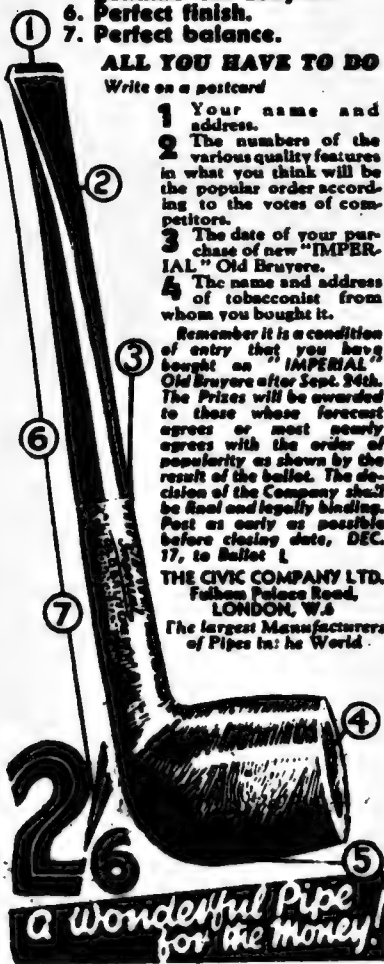
1. Clean-cut easy draw lip.
2. Pure vulcanite stream-line mouthpiece.
3. Perfect fitting mouth-piece and bowl.
4. Perfect holding capacity of bowl.
5. Bowl of guaranteed genuine old Bruyere.
6. Perfect finish.
7. Perfect balance.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Write on a postcard

- 1 Your name and address.
- 2 The numbers of the various quality features in what you think will be the popular order according to the votes of competitors.
- 3 The date of your purchase of new "IMPERIAL" Old Bruyere.
- 4 The name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought an "IMPERIAL" Old Bruyere after Sept. 24th. The Prizes will be awarded to those whose forecast agrees or most nearly agrees with the order of popularity as shown by the result of the ballot. The decision of the Company shall be final and legally binding. Post as early as possible before closing date, DEC. 17, to Ballot 1.

THE CIVIC COMPANY LTD.
Fulham Palace Road,
LONDON, W.1
The largest Manufacturers
of Pipes in the World.



26
A Wonderful Pipe
for the money!

For your throat
Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES
Your Chemist sells them
8's & 1's Per Box

SURPRISE for MOTHERS

New Light on Child Health

The "Rowntree" kind of cocoa found to
be tremendous aid to digestion.

Mothers of growing children—
women with a family to cater for—
can't afford to be ignorant of the latest
discoveries about food and health.
Scientific tests made in an im-
portant hospital have proved that
Rowntree's Cocoa is a powerful aid

to digestion. Not only is it easily
digested itself, it actually helps
other food eaten with it to digest
more easily. This will come as a
surprise to everyone; it is of
special significance to mothers
and housewives.

The important point to remember is
that the more completely you digest
your food, the more nourishment you
get from it. Rowntree's Cocoa helps
you to get more good from everything
you eat.

Every mother who has wondered
what she can give her children for
their evening meal now knows a food
secret of immense importance. A
simple meal, with a cup of Rowntree's
Cocoa—and children have a nourish-

ing, satisfying supper that they can
digest easily.

With any of their meals, this cocoa
is immensely beneficial for growing
children. Everyone loves its fine
flavour.

Start giving the children Rowntree's
Cocoa to-day. Sold in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb.
tins, at 6d. and 11d., with free gift
coupon.

A WORD TO MOTHERS BY A FAMILY DOCTOR

"I always tell mothers that it is vitally important
for children to digest thoroughly everything they
eat. In this way they get the full amount of nourish-
ment from their food. That is why I consider this
new discovery so important. Rowntree's Cocoa
makes all food eaten with it more easily digested,
and therefore more nourishing."

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Dangers of Pre-Adolescent Years

Every doctor knows how important
it is for children to establish sound,
healthy habits during the pre-
adolescent years. If faulty elimination
or any upsetting of the digestive pro-
cess is allowed to take hold then, health
in later years may be vitally affected.

This new discovery by one of the
leading bio-chemists of Great Britain
comes as a surprise to the medical
profession and the lay public alike. It
has been proved, by a series of exact
tests, that Rowntree's Cocoa has re-
markable digestive properties. Not
only is it very easily digested itself,
but it actually assists in the digestion
and assimilation of other foods.

These tests show, further, that many
beverages ordinarily given to children
are both heavy and indigestible, and,
in addition, leave in the stomach an
undesirable quantity of "unbuffered"
hydrochloric acid.

The proof which these tests give of
the high digestive and "buffering"
qualities of Rowntree's cocoa, as com-
pared with other beverages, is of
immense benefit to parents.

Members of the medical profession
and qualified nurses desiring scientific
evidence for these statements should
write to the makers, Dept. J.B.2,
Rowntree and Co., Ltd., York, stating
qualifications.

Three Free
Gift Coupons
in every 1/2 lb.
Tin, price 6d.

ROWNTREE'S

The digestible



Cocoa



to emanate
William T.
Mall, London
I am glad
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£1,000,000 Crash MYSTERY

READERS in various parts of the country are seeking my advice regarding a document which is marked "Private and confidential—not for circulation," and which appears to emanate from the office of a Mr. William Thomas Harvey, of 50, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

I am glad they are doing so, for investigations I have had made into a new scheme outlined so confidentially by Mr. Harvey show that public comment is very desirable.

The financial interests of at least 8,000 people, who happen to be investors in a concern called the Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd., are affected.

I had something to say about this concern two years ago, and since then certain creditors have put it into voluntary liquidation under the supervision of no less eminent an accountant than Sir W. Harry Peat, K.B.E.

Astounding events have followed, culminating a few days ago in a report which Sir Harry sent to the shareholders in the company.

The contents of this report, coupled with the latest facts I have been able to glean regarding the inner affairs of the Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd., are decidedly illuminating.

Vanished capital

Mr. Harvey is apparently planning to apply to the public for more money in what is termed a reconstruction scheme—a step which he could not take until a few days ago because of the ban placed by the Government on all new capital issues.

But before the lifting of this ban encourages Mr. Harvey to try to raise more cash I should like to give the public some idea of the astonishing facts that an examination of this corporation's affairs reveals.

Its authorised capital, with that of certain interlocked companies, was a million pounds—nearly £700,000 being put up by the public in the corporation alone.

Practically the whole of it has vanished—mostly in circumstances which I am perfectly convinced call for the most stringent official enquiry.

Indeed, the present astonishing state of affairs, which I shall reveal, should provide the Board of Trade with an up-to-date and forceful illustration of the flagrant manner in which prospectuses, though drawn up to meet all legal requirements, may yet be framed to deceive the investing public.

Although some distinguished names appeared as directors on the glowing prospectus, the real promoter was a naturalised Russian Pole, originally named Morris Greenberg, but latterly known as Morris Greenhill.

Losses—not profits

His boundless optimism at the time this prospectus was framed was in many respects open to severe criticism, but in view of certain facts which only recently came to light, I very much fear that there is little prospect of obtaining any redress from him to-day.

For instance, this prospectus promised a profit of £200,000 a year from the manufacture of acetate by secret processes supposed to be in the possession of the corporation.

Just how far this was justified may be gathered from the fact that once the new capital had been raised the concern started to pile up losses instead of the profits that had been so confidently promised.

Then legal proceedings were started against the corporation and certain other persons for alleged conspiracy in



Sir Harry Peat, who is supervising the liquidation of this ill-fated corporation. "His report is a gloomy document"

obtaining knowledge of the alleged secret processes.

In a remarkably short space of time nearly the whole of the subscribed capital, amounting to nearly £700,000, had vanished—largely because of the extravagant way in which the corporation's affairs were being conducted.

Let me cite a few figures to show the sort of thing I mean. A sum of £170,000 was sunk in a factory at Croydon. That factory is now being offered for sale, and it is extremely unlikely that it will fetch anything approaching the figure expended on it.

The position is all the more serious since creditors with aggregate claims at

Examined by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

one time of £37,705 are pressing for its sale in order that they, at least, can recover as much as possible in respect of their admitted claims.

Sir Harry Peat's detailed report of the liquidation to date is a gloomy document.

Although the language employed is carefully chosen, it shows all too clearly that he holds some very strong views on the manner in which this corporation was floated and subsequently conducted.

He reveals, though the circumstances are not given, that, arising out of his investigation, a claim was launched against Mr. Greenhill for the sum of £50,000.

Though Mr. Greenhill has assented to judgment for this amount, it is poor consolation for the investors, as he is now bankrupt with assets insufficient to pay any dividend.

Another very disturbing transaction which calls for elucidation concerns a sum of £10,000 belonging to the corporation which was put into the Mercantile British Trust.

Apparently this £10,000 was advanced in connection with a scheme for the acquisition of certain processes for the manufacture of nitrogen.

But the scheme was never proceeded with and the debentures appear to be of little value.

The original prospectus, as I have said, made a great deal of the alleged secret patents the corporation was formed to exploit. Sir Harry Peat's

report, however, does not attach "any considerable value" to them at present.

And what is his view of the present value of the plant and machinery which cost £170,000? How much is that now worth?

All Sir Harry can say about this is that, though efforts to dispose of it have been made for twelve months or more, no reasonable offer has yet been forthcoming!

Then there is a sum of £12,107 which the corporation alleges is due from one of Mr. Greenhill's co-promoters. As this man has likewise gone bankrupt and is without assets the prospects of recovering any of this money are not hopeful.

Dismal outlook

Then, amongst various other problems, the liquidator is faced with the fact that certain creditors have taken action against the corporation for large sums of money in respect of commitments that were left unfulfilled when it went into liquidation.

A more dismal state of affairs is hard to imagine. Though Sir Harry Peat has prepared a case, which is now before counsel with a view of legal proceedings against certain people, he is not very hopeful of recovering damages.

But Mr. Harvey, whose "confidential" circulars I mentioned at the outset, is much more hopeful.

A director of the corporation, he optimistically hopes to get it yet on its feet, and make it pay through the medium of a new company. But more money must be put up.

On the other hand, Sir Harry is not prepared to give any advice on Mr. Harvey's proposition, as the matter is highly technical and one on which only an expert in the industry in question would be competent to advise.

The story of this disastrous venture is so appalling and the losses to date have been so formidable that I certainly think it calls for something a little more tangible than Mr. Harvey's confidence to justify appeals for further financial support from long-suffering investors.

Fortune Nearly Missed

TWO hours after receiving his First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL, Mr. A. Balfour, of 43, St. Lawrence Road, Uxminster, greeted our representative at the City Insurance office at 70, Cornhill, where he is employed.

A man cannot plan his future afresh in two hours. But this winner of £3 a week for life and £1,000 had already thought of one thing he intended to do with his *Bullet's* fortune.

"My little son's birthday is just at hand," he said, "and he's going to have the finest model railway I can find."

That tells you a good deal about forty-two-year-old Mr. Balfour, whose plans for the future have been suddenly widened by this huge pension and four-figure award.

"A few weeks ago," Mr. Balfour recalled, "an old friend of mine won a big *Bullet's* prize and I wrote to congratulate him."

"I mentioned that I was seriously thinking of giving up *Bullets*, as after years of trying I had not won anything bigger than a prize of thirty shillings."

He wrote back and said that he was ashamed of me—and that he thought insurance men were made of sterner stuff than that!

"I accepted those words as a challenge and decided to carry on with my *Bullets* each week."

Mr. Balfour smiled as he recalled that fortunate decision he made and, filling his pipe, continued his story.

"One evening when I got home my wife told me about a mannequin parade which was being held at our local cinema. Later, when looking through the Examples in *Bullet's Bulletin*, which I have taken from its early days, I was struck by one of them—'MOTHER'S JOY'."

"Immediately my mind flashed back to the mannequin parade my wife had mentioned. And, with my little son and his mother in mind, it was comparatively easy to complete my winning *Bullet*—'MOTHER'S JOY—WATCHING HER 'MANIKIN' PARADE'."

"I look forward to my *Bullet's Bulletin* each week," Mr. Balfour added, "and it has undoubtedly helped me on my way to the top of the prize-list."

An ordinary little domestic episode has just led once again to *Bullet's* fame and fortune, ensuring a future free from worries for another of our readers.

Things like that have been happening weekly for the last twenty years amongst the family of *Bullet's* competitors—and there is no reason why something even

"My boy shall have the finest model railway I can find." And isn't young Balfour glad that Dad sent in that entry, after all!



bigger should not happen to you on Friday, November 4.

Final coupons for our Record 20th Birthday Prize for a *Bullet*, consisting of a Life Pension of £12 a week or £5,000 cash, await you on page 43. Facing it you will find a coupon with which you can secure each week our free *Bullet's Bulletin*, which helped Mr. Balfour so much.

As a result of one of the *Bullets* you enter by Saturday, October 22, that First Prize telegram on Friday, November 4, may banish all your troubles in a twinkling.

Turn now to page 43 and bring that magic message to your door!

FOR SMALL TRADERS,
SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS had you to make money. Turbans 10/6 each. Ladies' Art. Silk hose, 3/11 each. Genuine Tremora Shirts, 12/6 each. Boys' ribbed jerseys, 12/6 each. Ladies' Overall, 7/6 each. Hundreds of bargains in our warehouse. Wholesale only. Quater dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for catalogue post free. COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 192-page Cat. 15/- MAY (1932), George Street, Birmingham.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Neckties, etc., inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties free. ORIENTAL NECKTIE CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Hatteries, (wholesale only). LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 28, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

NEW 68-page Winter Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, Post free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. Coats, Dresses, all depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write only to the Trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

SHOPKEEPERS—Send for Bargain List of Xmas Club Toys, Games, etc. Stationery, Postcards, W. H. Jac. son & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

50% Profit. Buy Hosiery, Knitwear, Bedding, Cut prices. Perfect goods. Money-back guarantee. Terms and Cuts, free. LONDON Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, W.6.

LONDALES for Drapery remnants—goods you can sell at any price. Right! Regular stocks include Printed, Dye, White, Grey and Fancy Cotton and Art. Silk Piece Goods, All-wool Blankets, Cotton Blankets, Sheets, Towels, Handkerchiefs, etc. Also stock clearing lines. Finest Quality. Write for Free Cat. Dept. J.B., R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., 59, Whitworth Street, Manchester.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £3 weekly. Run Drapery Club amount. 10/6 each. No duty. Parties and cat. 1/- each. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Grimsby.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards, Sample book free. A VAST VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographs, Calendars, Novelty Calendars, high-class notepapers, threefold and many other specialities. Highest commissions and special prizes. Apply, Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Grimsby.

MAKE £3 to £10 on pleasant spare-time work. No duty. Write now. FULLANS DIRECT SUPPLY, 209, Kirkstall Rd., Leeds.

TEA AGENTS WANTED. Unique Offer. Write, MARSHALL, 71, Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.3.

AGENTS—Christmas Cards. To be without the SNOWBALL book is like having without hat. Early delivery. Best and latest designs. Colour collection. Christmas animal studies, etc. Sensational novel illustrations. Book free. Also 1,000,000 WALLETS at 1/6 each. JOIN NOW AND MAKE £3 WEEKLY. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Preston.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS is indispensable as a MONEY MAKER ANNUALLY FOR 27 YEARS HAS PROVED THE UNQUALIFIED ORDER-GIVING PUBLISHER. KILMARNOCK, N.W. 1. LBS IN LAMINATED, LETTER MARK, ANIMAL STUDIES, FLORAL AND METAL DESIGNS. HIGH-CLASS NOTEPAPERS AND CARDS FOR ALL TASTES AT LOWEST PRICES. ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS OFFER FREE BOOK. HIGHEST COMMISSIONS AND PRIZES. WHITE, SILVER & DEPT. A, COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS. YOU WILL MAKE MORE MONEY by selling the CASTLE Series Christmas Cards and Calendars than any other. Astounding profits are being made with our FREE SAMPLE BOOK, containing all the latest designs and novelties. Highest commissions and prizes. Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 20, Anchor Court, Preston.

50% BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks' Club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly club. Commission paid weekly. Send P.C. for Catalogue, 208 pages, including furniture, foot-war, craps, etc. Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Chestwood Rd., Manchester.

YOU can make money with our Private Xmas Card Book. 10/- each. No duty. No outlay. No experience. Post free. Dept. B, London Card Co., 5, Little Sutton St., London, E.C.1.

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TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO MONEY. Sell the CARLTON Series Christmas Cards and Calendars. The Book which brings the BIGGEST PROFITS. HIGHEST COMMISSIONS. Splendid Prizes. SAMPLE BOOK FREE. Apply, TREBLE & CO., 50, Cheapside, Preston.

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AGENTS WANTED PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Largest Manufacturers offer Fascinating and profitable AGENCY. FREE SAMPLE BOOK OF CALENDARS, HAND-MADE GREETING NOTEPAPERS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, POCKET CALENDAR, METAL DESIGNS and collection of SENSATIONAL NOVELTIES. AMAZING COMMISSIONS AND PRIZES. —Empire Publishing Co., Dept. 6, Blackburn.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Atwood, and to-day he is drawing £300 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Atwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 34-page book. "The Profession of Salesmanship" post free on request. —The Wallace Atwood College, 287, Bedford Row, Ldn., W.C.1 (Phone: Chancery 1828).

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard M.A.O. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. C.A.L. Write to THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5 COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging 40 words. Minimum Charge 30s.

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BUY HOSIERY from actual manufacturers. Catalogue free. —TRUNIT HOSIERY CO., Textile Exchange, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT from 21d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. —WEST BIRMINGHAM WALLPAPER CO., 23, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL Dances and Party Novelties. Balloons. Send for free bargain list. —UNION, 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

RAILWAY Nets, Gun Nets, Fishing Tackle. Bird, Partridge Nets; Cat, free; easy payments arranged. —Young's (A.), Minterden, Somerset.

11 NOVELTIES for Dances, Halls, Billiards, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc. —List J.B. 1571 free. —Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.1.

TROUSERS—best British Whipcord, holesproof guaranteed. 4/- pr. 3 prs. 10/- carr. pd. Send P.O. Waist and inside leg measurement. —R. Geddis, 218, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1. Brgn. list free.

SMART, fashionable 45/- Suits for 19/6. This astonishing tailoring offer is made by Thomas & Co., in their "Shop Window" advertisement on p. 3. Don't miss it.

ALL-LEATHER Coats (Ladies' or Gent's). Selected skins, cosy deep lining, ideas winter coat. Colours: green, blue, brown, navy, black. Gent's 67/6, Ladies' 35/-, Carr. and pk. 1/- extra. State shade, give measurements. List free. —The Protekitt Coat Co., "Marland," Anstey Avenue, Crumpeall, Manchester.

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TEA—Empire Blend, 5d. per lb. in 20 lb. chests. Smaller quantities 6d. per lb. Carr. paid. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

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REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 1, James St., Stornoway.

A FLOCKED WOOL GREY FROCK sent on home approval for deposit of 1s. 6d. only. Turn to Ambrose Wilson's Bargain offer on p. 29.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. —Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1/2 stamp for Free Pamphlet. —Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS Use Brooks Rupture Appliances. New discovery. Wonderful! no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Send on trial. Catalogues free. —Address: Brooks Appliances Co., Ltd. (4292), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

FILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemostat Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliances. Send 1/2 stamp for FREE booklet on this remarkable discovery. —Hemostat Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet. —Ridyard (Chemists) Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

A FREE COPY of a book "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World." Fill in coupon in the Physiosan advt. on p. 32.

CATARH SUPPERS are offered a free sample of "Nostrilene" in the advt. on p. 35.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "Roboleine" will be sent to readers filling in coupon in the advt. on p. 24.

SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA, Bronchitis, etc. Secure a free trial of Potter's Asthma Cure. Smoking Mixture, 5/-, and free booklet. Send two 1/2 stamps with coupon in advt. on p. 37.

A GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE of "Belonia" lotion and a free book for Rheumatism and kindred ailments. Fill in coupon in advt. on p. 37. Enclose 1/- (P.O. or stamps) cover postage, etc.

A FREE SAMPLE PACKET of Dr. Ross's Cigarettes for Catarrh, etc., is offered in the advt. on p. 41.

A FREE SUPPLY OF MAN-ZAN is offered to sufferers from Hemorrhoids in the ad. on p. 41.

FREE—Don't overlook the advt. on the Back Cover in which a sample of "Elasto" for bad legs and circulatory diseases, together with free booklet, are offered to sufferers.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery. Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old Plates, Watch, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return. —Bella, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it FREE. Send for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

LIVE RATS ARE DEAD RATS IN ONE NIGHT WITH RODINE. A CUSTOMER PICKED UP 61 DEAD RATS AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. 1/6 & 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, FENTON (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. You can't stop eating them. Must be DUKE'S.

BUY AN IMPERIAL PIPE and win one of the 2100 cash prizes offered in the advt. on p. 14. Read conditions carefully and mention John Bull when you send your entry.

TURN TO THE STARTLING OFFER on p. 20. Make your own cigarettes at approx. 60 for 1d. Make with the improved "Jiffy" Junk machine and Rizla Cigarette Papers. As special offer to readers this machine is offered at half price to all purchasers of one 1d. packet of Rizla Cigarette papers. Use the coupon.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER—A large tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is offered on p. 28. Fill in coupon and PIN a 1d. stamp.

WRITE for the free "Sun-Maid" Recipe Booklet to Dept. J.B.1, Producers' International, Sales Assn., Ltd., 55, Ratchway, E.C.3. See p. 29.

£150 in Cash Prizes, £250 first and many others. Turn to the "Diploma" Limerick Competition on p. 37.

FREE—32-page Cookery Book. Women readers should cut out the coupon on p. 31. Simply fill in name and full address.

SEND for the "Lilima" Beauty Outfit. Turn to p. 29 for full particulars of this free offer.

FREE—A generous sample of Bondman Empire Blend Tobacco is offered on p. 35. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in capital letters to Richard Lloyd and Sons, 43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Get your sample now!

A FREE SAMPLE TIN of "Bourn-Vita" is offered on p. 18. Fill in coupon and enclose 3d. stamp for postage, etc.

A FREE SAMPLE of Kynos Denture Fixative will be sent to readers filling in coupon in the advt. on p. 29.

QUALIFIED nurses and doctors can obtain scientific evidence of the dietary value of Bourn-Vita's Cocoa by giving qualifications and writing to Dept. J.B.1, Mowbray and Co., Ltd., York. S. & 14.

NOW that the back streets and mews of the West End of London have become somewhat unhealthy for night club proprietors owing to the publicity which has resulted from the escapades of their bright young *clientèle*, many of them have moved farther afield.

In their desire to escape the attention of the authorities they have taken advantage of those fashionable sylvan and seaside resorts that are within motor-car reach of London, and there turned night into day.

One of those to join this trek which transported London's more boisterous night life into the country is a person called Stanley Earl.

He is at present running a night club styled the "Châlet Madrid" in Norfolk Street, Brighton, where the "choicest wines and spirits" are available and meals of the "finest cuisine" can be obtained "at any hour."

It has a *clientèle* of smart young men, resplendent in brilliantly hued pullovers and gorgeous shirts, and bright young women, bedecked in paint and powder.

Far into the night the whine of jazz, the hectic laughter and the roar of arriving and departing cars conspire against the slumber of sober citizens.

Enquiries regarding this club reveal that its proprietor not long since ran the "Bohemian Club" in Queen Street, Brighton, and that before that he was connected with one of London's night haunts.

Too bright

At the "Bohemian Club" the bright life and gala nights brought it to the attention of the police. It was placed under observation, and as a result of what plain-clothes officers saw Stanley Earl was haled before the police court.

He was heavily fined for selling intoxicating drink in defiance of the licensing laws, and the club was struck off the register.

This was no new experience for Stanley Earl. The place he was associated with in the West End of London before his flit to Brighton was entered by police under a search warrant and was subsequently struck off the register.

Such, however, are the laws governing the licensing of these night haunts of the Bright Young Things and those who ape their undesirable mode of life that his previous club experiences were no bar to Earl securing a third licence for the "Châlet Madrid."

Investigation shows that under any adequate system of licensing Stanley Earl is one of the last people who would be permitted to run a night club.

Such is his record, indeed, that we think it is time some salutary publicity was given to his activities generally.

His real name, we can reveal, is Alec Olaf Henderson, but apparently names are of no consequence to him. He has had a string of them and has reflected little glory on any.

Woman Investors

Under a receiving order in the name of "Anthony Charles Keith" he was made bankrupt. His liabilities then were £4,043, while his assets were exactly nil.

The circumstances of his bankruptcy, moreover, were such that when he applied for his discharge five years later, it was suspended for a further two years.

In his examination it was disclosed that a number of women were among the investors, and this led the Assistant Official Receiver to ask:

"Am I putting it too high to say that you have practically lived on women for the last two or three years?"

This he indignantly denied, but that denial did not prevent the Registrar from declaring that it was obvious that he "must have lived on money borrowed from these ladies."

At that time he attributed his insolvency to the slump in the cinema busi-



See Stanley Earl as Oliver Cromwell and The Spider in "The Silver King." Now he has forsaken the film world for a more lucrative sphere

ness and his inability to obtain remunerative employment.

The "slump in the cinema business," however, on his own estimate, only accounted for a loss of £345, while his "inability to obtain remunerative employment" did not prevent him from incurring personal expenses of £3,100.

Out of his total liabilities over £3,000 was represented by cash advanced to him.

Under the names of Anthony Charles Keith and Jack Selfridge he next figured in a High Court action.

The lady-killer

It was during the hearing of this case that Keith modestly admitted his successes with women.

Asked whether he had "cuddled" the woman in the case, Keith admitted that he had. Nothing wrong had happened, he said, and added airily: "I've cuddled thousands!"

Under one name or another Keith has described himself as an "actor," "film actor" and "film producer." In none of these has he been a conspicuous success, but his career as a film producer affords some illuminating facts regarding his character.

In all save the first of his film ventures he, as he brazenly admitted himself, has never invested a penny of his own money.

He started the Garrick Dramatic Agency, and with £100 capital opened an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, W. Shortly afterwards he moved to Dean Street, Soho, and in the process blossomed into The Garrick Film Producing Company and Dramatic Agency. In a short time disaster overtook the concern.

Despite this failure his next film venture was in the superlative vein. The World's Best Pictures was its humble title and under this style he returned to his old Shaftesbury Avenue address.

Undismayed

Whatever productions emanated from this concern did not justify his superlative. Perhaps the World's Best Pictures were too good for the public.

At any rate the company was unsuccessful and the partner who provided £2,000 was left with what remained of the business.

Nothing dismayed, this many-named gentleman promptly borrowed £600,

A Night Club Don JUAN



chosen, for its wisdom was never apparent.

This list of failures still has not dismayed him, perhaps because none of his own money was involved, and he returned to his old haunt in Shaftesbury Avenue and formed Cone Productions.

Again the money was borrowed, and again the venture was a failure.

By this time the possibilities of the film business were beginning to become exhausted even for such a resourceful gentleman.

Watch him!

Yet all this time he managed to live on a fairly lavish scale, only occasionally suffering temporary inconvenience when funds were not too easily forthcoming.

Nevertheless, he apparently decided to leave the film world alone and he turned to night life for that "remunerative employment," the lack of which he so deplored.

A man with the record of Henderson, Keith, Selfridge, Earl, or whatever his changing fancy names him, would most certainly not be granted a licence to run a public-house, where anyone is free to enter and which is all the time under public inspection.

It is surely a lamentable state of affairs that by merely paying a few shillings such a person can set up a so-called club whenever he wishes.

And it cannot be denied that such resorts have an unwholesome influence on young men and women.

We commend this Brighton night haunt and those of the same kidney to the very serious consideration not only of the licensing authorities, but of our legislators.

New Tobacco Twist

SOMETHING new in swindles has been evolved by an elusive rogue who calls himself Robert William Cole, and who poses as a wholesale tobacconist.

Quite recently he opened a shop in Newcastle-on-Tyne and lined its walls with what appeared to be a most comprehensive stock of tobacco and cigarettes of popular brands.

Notices conspicuously displayed in his windows announced that he could offer goods at exceptionally attractive rates, but that this offer applied to trade customers only.

As a result, he soon had a number of enquiries from local shopkeepers, who found his rates appreciably lower than those usually prevailing among wholesalers.

Cole displayed samples which showed that his goods were certainly up to standard, and he was kept busy booking up orders.

One shopkeeper, to quote a typical example, placed an order for 500,000 cigarettes of various makes. Impressed by the businesslike Cole, he paid a deposit of £105 on the assurance that the goods would be delivered within a few days.

Other customers were given similar

assurances, but the promised deliveries never took place. When the anxious shopkeepers called to find out the reason for the delay they were astounded to find Cole's premises closed.

All the impressive stock had mysteriously vanished but no one in the vicinity seemed to have any knowledge of when or how it had been removed.

The truth is that Cole has somehow acquired a big collection of tobacconist's "dummies" of the kind usually used for window-dressing. These can be set out with great effect, but can be speedily packed up and transported from place to place.

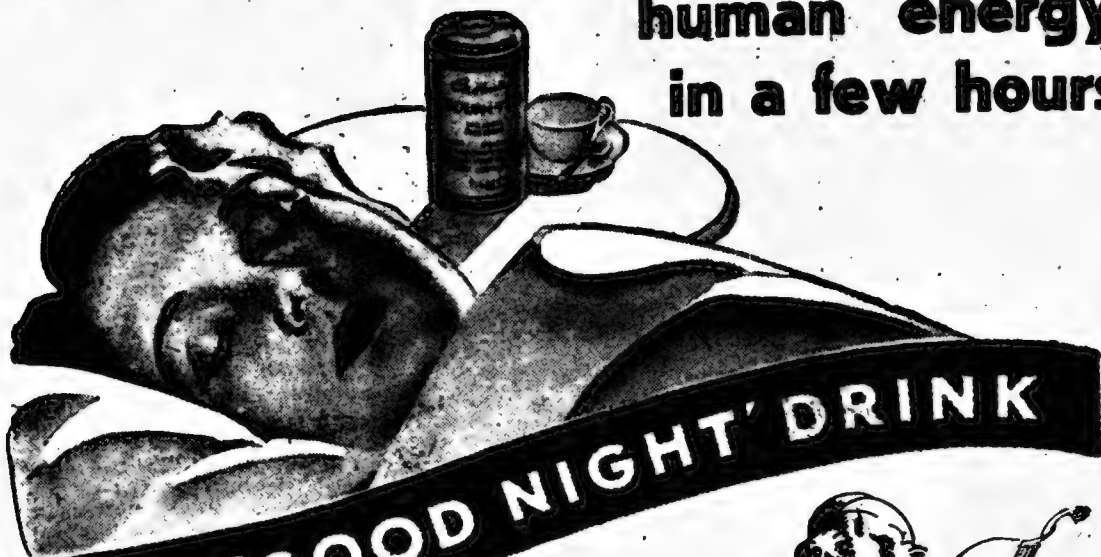
With the exception of a few genuine items for the inspection of intending customers, these dummies comprise his entire stock-in-trade.

Enquiries show that he has lately made a practice of moving from town to town, taking a shop for a few days and filling it with his fake wares.

Then, as soon as he has collected a number of deposits from unsuspecting shopkeepers, he packs up his "props" and moves on.

In this way he has already defrauded people in Gateshead, Whitley and Bedlington, and fresh complaints are arising almost daily.

90% of its nourishment turns to
human energy
in a few hours



THE 'GOOD NIGHT' DRINK

that becomes

TOMORROW'S ENERGY

PEOPLE WE ENVY.

People with an abundance of energy enjoy life—no "nerves," no sleepless nights, no fagged out moods of depression. Unfortunately the right kind of nourishment to build up energy is often deficient in cooked meals. That is why doctors approve and recommend the wise custom of taking a scientifically prepared food-drink every day.

A SCIENTIFIC FORMULA.

All the experience of Cadburys, who have specialised in food-drinks for over a hundred years, has contributed to the perfecting of Cadbury's Bourn-vita. Ingredients used—fresh, full-cream milk and eggs from British farms with British malt and Empire cocoa—are subjected to a process of manufacture which has been perfected after protracted research by Cadbury's dietetic experts.

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA

1 lb. 9d. 1 lb. 1/5 1 lb. 2/9

GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE

Post this coupon (1½d. stamped envelope) for generous free sample, enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

TO "BOURN-VITA," CADBURY, BOURNVILLE
Please send me a free sample tin of Bourn-vita. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.
Only one sample tin per family will be sent.
NAME (Give whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS

Women Who Miss Romance— and why



Nothing repels a man so much as a muddy complexion and sallow dark skin with black-heads and enlarged pores. Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin in three days by the use of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (White). This now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates deep into the pores, removing impurities which soap and water cannot reach—dissolves black-heads so that they fall away; whitens and softens the darkest, roughest skin and tightens enlarged pores. Imparts that smooth, clear, youthful complexion which is so attractive to men. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood gives—in 3 days only—a skin beauty and freshness such as can be obtained in no other way.

NEW HAIR Grown on BALDHEADS By using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree.



"I was practically bald," he states, "and now I have an abundance of hair which my photo shows. Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have marvelled at the results. Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko."

TEST-BOX COUPON

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
2, Fenny Street (33 V.O.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

Name
Address



GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

In lovely Oak-finished cabinet, as illustrated, 31 x 17 1/2 x 18 in. Fitted with worm drive motor, extra large internal sound horn, and super-sensitive reproducer. Complete with 40 brilliant selections of popular music. 33 full size double records. £3.12.6. Terms: 7/6 now and 7/6 monthly. EXTENSIVE POST, FREE, PORTABLE, TABLE, PATENTED. K. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

A PERSECUTED Detective

A SAD spectacle was witnessed some days ago in High Park Street, Liverpool. At the door of a house a tall, powerful man of middle age stood sobbing as his five children were placed in an ambulance at the pavement kerb.

The little ones were being taken to hospital because they were ill from want of food. Inside the house was a newly arrived baby, for whom there was no milk.

So was being added another chapter to one of the most astounding stories of injustice that has ever had to be told about an Englishman and his family.

The man broken with despair was Mr. Alexander Kirkwood, who has been brought from prosperity to ruin and disgrace by the vilest conspiracy and corruption.

Ten years ago, after an excellent record of service, Kirkwood resigned from the Liverpool police force to emigrate with his family to Canada, where he had secured an appointment on the detective staff of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The hold-up

Stage by stage he advanced in various public and private police forces until, having become a finger-print expert and obtained a degree in Applied Science, he was made superintendent of the investigation and identification department of the famous Burns detective organisation.

Then, three years ago, he was granted a charter by the Canadian Government to form a private detective service of his own, with headquarters in Vancouver, to assist in the investigation of commercial crime.

His successes gained him important firms as clients, and two hundred hotels in British Columbia retained his services at a yearly fee of £4,500.

Kirkwood secured as a member of his

Film Combine SEQUEL

IN a recent article dealing with the affairs of Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., we declared that a most rigid official investigation was called for. Letters which have since reached us more than confirm this view, and some further comment seems desirable.

Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., forms part of a £1,000,000 combine known as the "Pearson Group," which derives its title from a Mr. George William Pearson, of Wardour Street, London.

One reader, writing from Birmingham, complains that he has lost over £3,000 in this venture. From a position of comfortable security he has been reduced "to the verge of financial collapse." And he is only one of many.

A lot of these unfortunate investors are now being approached by a concern called the Incorporated Society of Shareholders, Ltd., of Milton House, Surrey Street, London, which is anxious to secure their financial support.

If they will put up a guinea membership fee with 5s. for every £100 invested in Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., this society promises to do its utmost on the investors' behalf.

It does not say what qualifications it possesses for assuming this philanthropic rôle, and investors should think twice before they yield to such invitations to throw good money after bad.

The investigations of the affairs of Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., may well be left to the authorities, who are now fully alive to this necessity.

staff Mr. Horace Havord, from the London Metropolitan Police.

One night soon after his arrival in Vancouver, Havord was driven home from the office by Kirkwood in his motor-car. They had just stopped at the entrance to the house when a man crossed the pavement of the quiet, deserted street and shouted to the two detectives, "Move, and I'll blow you to blazes!" At the same time he put his hand to his hip-pocket.

Kirkwood did not hesitate. Releasing the inside catch of the door, he swung it open against the assailant and, drawing his own revolver, leaped out upon him.

The man raised his arms as if to surrender, but as he did so he grabbed the revolver and attempted to pull it from Kirkwood's grasp.

A shot was fired and the man fell, mortally wounded.

There was only one witness of the hold-up and struggle—the other detective seated in the motor-car.

Murder charge

Kirkwood accompanied the police with the dying man, who was later found to be a drunkard of low repute, to the hospital, and there, in the presence of a doctor and two nurses, handed over his revolver and firearms permit and gave a full account to the police of what had happened.

At the same time at the police headquarters three miles away, Havord, who had no opportunity of collusion with Kirkwood, was giving an exactly similar description of the events that led to the tragedy.

When Kirkwood went to the police station he was put in a room with Havord, and the two were locked in for the night. Afterwards it was known that a dictaphone was fitted in the wall of the room to trap the men in their conversation, and it is significant in the light of the subsequent extraordinary events that the records from the instrument were never produced.

Next day the men were separated, and after being detained for some days Kirkwood was charged with murder.

Kidnapped by police

While he awaited trial, he was puzzled by the fact that he could not get in communication with Havord, and his lawyers hunted high and low in vain for the former London police officer.

Not until afterwards did the truth come out. The police had kidnapped Havord—the only witness of the shooting. They had kept him prisoner in a cell, refusing to allow him to see or to write to anyone.

Other happenings soon made it clear that the police were determined to "frame up" the murder charge so that Kirkwood would be put away.

Certain police officers feared him. In the course of his commercial detective work, Kirkwood states, he had discovered the extent to which they were involved in graft and the dope traffic. And they knew this.

The murder trial was a farce. Three alleged witnesses of the shooting were produced by the police to state that

Monstrous POLICE Frame-Up

they saw Kirkwood chase the dead man, along the street and deliberately shoot him.

No motive was suggested for his alleged crime.

And two of the stool-pigeon witnesses were men whose path he had crossed as a detective!

Then the police alleged that they had to disarm Kirkwood at the hospital and conveyed the suggestion that he had behaved as a murderer and shown resistance.

The doctor and nurses who could have disproved this were not produced.

Cleverly faked as it was, the evidence was hopelessly at variance, and to cover up the defects the police accused Kirkwood of being a disreputable person. They stated he had been eight years in Vancouver, had never worked, and was a worthless character.

Never was perjury more wanton.

Guilty!

JOHN BULL has verified every detail of Kirkwood's life in Canada. He had been only three years in Vancouver and the police knew well that his record there was irreproachable.

For seven years previously he had always held responsible posts in big detective or police organisations, and the written testimonials gathered from the highest sources regarding his ability and character are documents of which any man would be proud.

But the evidence given at the trial could not be rebutted. It came like a bombshell. There was neither time nor opportunity to prove it false.

Kirkwood was found guilty of manslaughter and sent to prison for four years.

The governor of his jail was so impressed by what he was told about the case that he gave Kirkwood extraordinary facilities to obtain redress.

In his cell in the next two years the prisoner wrote or received nine hundred letters relating to his case and, with the governor's help, broke down the official barriers one by one until his

Royal Veterinary College Saved!

Readers of JOHN BULL will be glad to learn that, as the result of the appeal initiated by the Daily Herald, the Royal Veterinary College has been saved for the nation. The £25,000 which was required has been assured and the future of this famous national institution has now been definitely secured.

The success of this appeal is a tribute to the hundreds of thousands of animal-lovers who aided it. JOHN BULL readers were among the most generous helpers in support of this noble cause.



Mr. Alexander Kirkwood, victim of an astounding police plot

charges were at last laid before the Governor-General of Canada.

While this was happening, the drama developed unexpectedly.

Havord, the kidnapped ex-London detective, reappeared in Vancouver and began legal proceedings against the authorities.

They did not dare to face the trial of the action. The whole truth would have come out and, on the city counsel's advice, Havord's claim was settled out of court with substantial damages.

As for the two police detectives who had figured publicly in the prosecution of Kirkwood, one was dismissed and the other reduced to the ranks.

All through this astounding affair they had, however, been only dummies acting under the orders of superior officers, and in the end they were made the scapegoats.

He knew too much

When about half his sentence had been served, Kirkwood was liberated, but was told that he and his family must leave Canada.

This was no ordinary deportation. He was shanghaied because he knew too much. While he remained in Canada he was treated as a free agent, given the money to make the travelling arrangements for himself and family, and was even issued with an open passport.

But always, until he had been unobtrusively shepherded out of the country, the police were at his heels, watchful for any move he might make against them.

Now he, his wife and children are back in their native Liverpool—penniless, destitute, and starving.

By himself, even if he had the means, he cannot even begin proceedings from Britain against his persecutors because they have just refused even to supply him with a copy of the official record of his trial.

Kirkwood's honour and livelihood must be restored to him.

We do not hesitate to say that his is a case which ought to be investigated by the very highest authority.

Smokers! GREAT NEWS!

6 Cigarettes for $\frac{1}{2}$ D

and each with a FILTER TIP •
THE VERY LATEST IDEA THAT WILL
REVOLUTIONIZE CIGARETTE SMOKING!

YOU SAVE 20 to 25% on SMOKING COSTS

This is how it is done ..

The end of every cigarette amounting sometimes to one-quarter is thrown away unsmoked. This represents a wastage of 20-25% of the tobacco—the most expensive part of the cigarette. This loss represents in the year anything from 50/- to £8 or more on a single smoker's bill, and how to save this money has troubled the brains of many clever people. Here, at last, is the perfect solution.

A FILTER TIP CIGARETTE MADE BY YOURSELF. PERFECTLY AND EASILY with the aid of the wonderful new type RIZLA JIFFY JUNIOR Cigarette Rolling Machine.

The filter consists of a single leaf of Rizla Cigarette Paper

crumpled up so as to TAKE THE PLACE OF THE TOBACCO in the butt of the cigarette. This paper not only prevents the tremendous wastage of tobacco, but improves the smoking quality of the cigarette, filters the nicotine, and prevents shreds of tobacco getting into the mouth. But even more important than this to many people is the tremendous economy—by utilising this idea AT LEAST SIX EXTRA CIGARETTES CAN BE MADE from each ounce of tobacco AT THE COST OF THE CIGARETTE PAPERS ONLY, i.e., ABOUT HALF A 1d. PACKET OF RIZLA PAPERS—THUS SIX EXTRA CIGARETTES FOR 1d.

36 GOOD CIGARETTES FROM ONE OUNCE OF TOBACCO WHICH COSTS ONLY 8d. UPWARDS

With the aid of the latest Rizla Jiffy Rolling Machine about 30 perfect cigarettes can be made from one ounce of tobacco in the ordinary way, but by utilising the leaf of Rizla Paper as a filter tip so much tobacco is saved that a further six can be made. The cost of the machine is thus recovered by the saving on the first one or two ounces of tobacco.

MAKE NO MISTAKE!

The Rizla Jiffy Junior Rolling Machine with new end-trimming device, etc., is guaranteed definitely to make perfect cigarettes with ends trimmed neatly; it is undoubtedly the finest machine of its kind in the world to-day; it should not be confused with the first Rizla Rolling Machine sold at 3d., which was inclined to make undersized and ragged cigarettes. There is no comparison between the two, THE OLD TYPE MACHINE WILL NOT MAKE FILTER TIP CIGARETTES, whilst the new type has more improvements than are evident at the first examination.

HALF PRICE OFFER

The improved Jiffy Junior Machine has already been sold in thousands at 6d. each, but so that you may make a trial of the new idea at very small cost, we offer the new machine at half-price, i.e., 3d. to all purchasers of one 1d. packet of Rizla Cigarette Papers.

Which is cheaper? To throw away the end containing

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS, (Dept. 7),
132, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps. Please send me in accordance with your offer in "John Bull" one new type Rizla Jiffy Junior Cigarette Machine and one Penny packet of Rizla papers.

NAME

ADDRESS

PLEASE PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

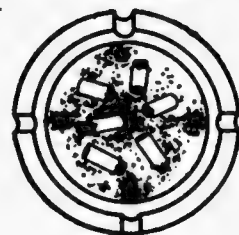
**TOBACCO at 8d. to 1/2
per ounce or a RIZLA
PAPER at 60 for 1d.**

Do not delay. Get your Rizla Jiffy Junior to-day FROM YOUR TOBACCONIST. Most good tobacconists sell them. If you have any difficulty send 4½d. in stamps direct to us, and a machine, together with Penny packet of papers, will be posted to you by return.

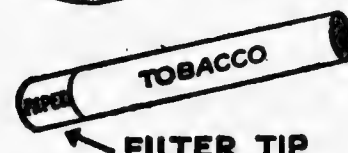
RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS,
Dept. 7, RIZLA HOUSE, 132, GREAT PORTLAND
STREET, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: Museum 4413

DON'T DELAY—GET ONE TO-DAY!

TO RETAIL TOBACCONISTS: NEVER DISAPPOINT A CUSTOMER—YOUR WHOLESALE STOCKS THESE MACHINES



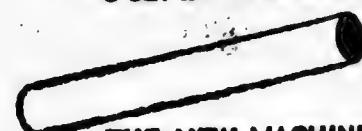
WASTED
TOBACCO



FILTER TIP



NO MORE
SHREDS OF TOBACCO
TO GET INTO THE MOUTH



THE NEW MACHINE
TRIMS THE ENDS NEATLY



FILTER TIP OPENED
AFTER USE SHOWING
NICOTINE STAINS



NEW
PRICE

3d

DIRECTIONS.
Full instructions how to make cigarettes are given with every machine. To make FILTER TIP cigarettes it is only necessary to CRUMPLE UP (do not fold) a Rizla Cigarette Paper exactly as if you were going to throw it away, and place it in the hollow between the rollers, pressing it LIGHTLY but FIRMLY AGAINST THE END PIECE, then fill the rest of the hollow with tobacco and proceed as for an ordinary cigarette.

THE NEW LUNACY TERROR

MEDICAL investigators reported recently that more than two million men and women—over one in ten of the adult population of the country—are suffering from and require immediate treatment for acute nerve strain.

These people are not "border line" mental cases, as is often thoughtlessly supposed. Most of them suffer from no disease at all, but have only shown more than usual susceptibility to the shocks, the worries, and the vicissitudes of post-war life.

Last year Parliament tried to deal with the problem by passing the Mental Treatment Act, which makes provision for people who become transiently unstrung to enter hospital voluntarily for rest and cure without the stigma of lunacy certification being placed upon them.

Legislation of this kind was necessary, but Parliament approved it in a form which has made an ugly blot on the Statute Book, and opened up a dreadful prospect for those who may be overcome by stress and strain.

Instead of being entrusted to local public health authorities and voluntary hospitals, the whole administration of the scheme has been vested in the atrocious Board of Lunacy Control.

Wrong environment

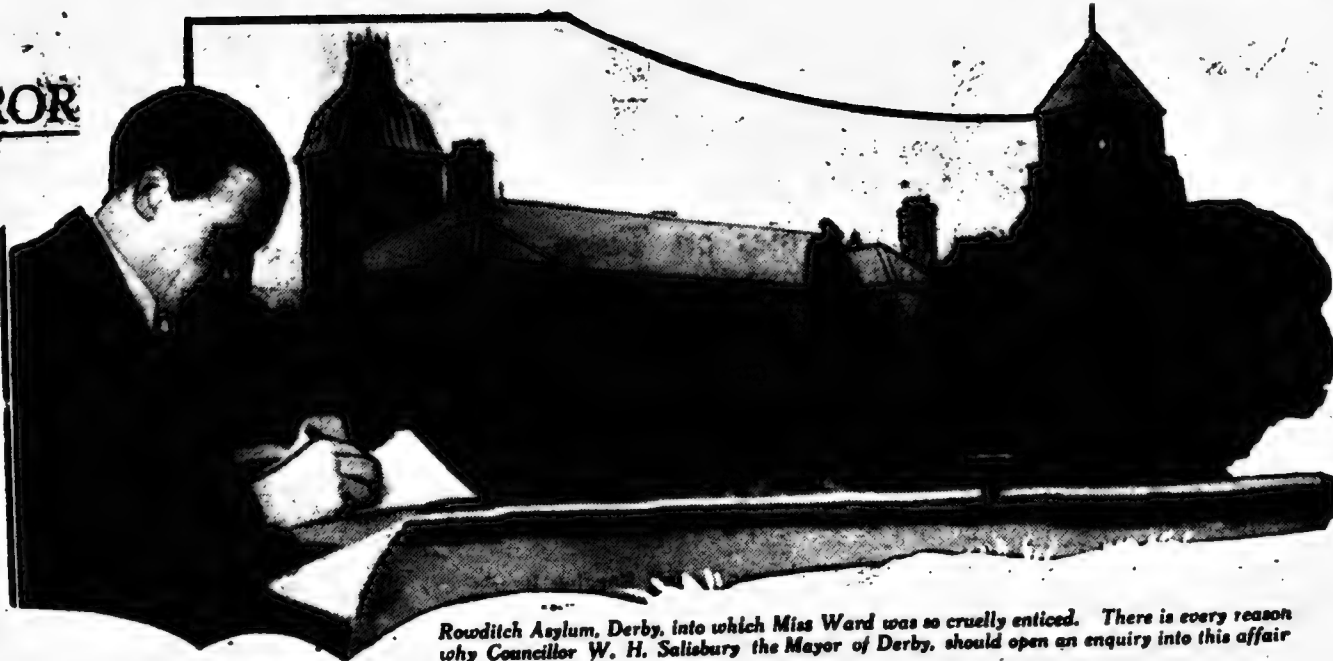
And the only accommodation this Board offers to sufferers from temporary loss of balance is its asylums for the insane—the very last places where they could expect to find rest and cure.

The atmosphere of an asylum is itself injurious, and the "skilled treatment" which is supposed to be administered there is very nearly non-existent. A poor soul afflicted with nerve strain who enters one is plunged fathoms deep in misery and subjected to such iron rule and cruel conditions as can only increase depression and induce despair.

The Mental Treatment Act is, in fact, a ready-made instrument to further the official policy of manufacturing lunatics and adding to the size of the asylums population so that the gigantic bureaucracy represented by the Board of Control may flourish.

To obtain voluntary recruits for its lunacy establishments the Board of Control depends upon private doctors and public medical officers recommending neurasthenic patients to submit themselves to the supposed curative treatment.

Surely no doctor in the land will ever



Rowditch Asylum, Derby, into which Miss Ward was so cruelly enticed. There is every reason why Councillor W. H. Salisbury the Mayor of Derby, should open an enquiry into this affair

again do anything of the kind after learning the facts of the case of Miss Florence Ward, which we here reveal.

She has been among the first of the voluntary patients under the new Act, and her experience portrays the new terror that threatens men and women who have the misfortune to be stricken by nerve strain.

Miss Ward, a woman of middle age, has been for years engaged in clerical work in Derby and latterly was ledger clerk with an important firm.

Not long ago she had a nervous breakdown in consequence of overwork. On the way to the office one morning she almost broke down, and was placed at once in hospital.

So quickly did she get on the way to recovery that in a week she was making plans for a recuperative holiday.

Horrible shock

It was then suggested to her that a better method of convalescence would be for her to continue receiving kindly and intelligent treatment under peaceful conditions in a special hospital catering for cases of nervous illness.

The provisions of the new Mental Treatment Act were explained and presented to her in a manner so attractive that she readily gave her written consent to the proposed course.

No sooner had she crossed its thresh-

old than she realised that the so-called special hospital she had voluntarily entered was a lunatic asylum.

She was taken to a ward dormitory and left alone with between thirty and forty women, most of whom were in advanced stages of insanity.

When Miss Ward wept over her plight a fellow-patient told her that crying was punished by confinement in a small room at the far end of the ward.

A few minutes later she was given proof of the fact when a woman who was sobbing was seized by an attendant and, with her arms twisted behind her back, rushed across the ward and thrown into this room.

Never for a moment was there anything but pandemonium, according to Miss Ward's accounts of what happened. Lunatic women screamed and yelled constantly, threw about pottery and other articles, and drank water from the flower vases. Others paraded the place naked or wearing fantastic clothes, and revolting sights and incidents frequently occurred.

Miss Ward found sleep impossible because of the ravings and violence of the demented women.

As soon as she got the opportunity

Woman's Dreadful Asylum ORDEAL

she confronted the asylum authorities and protested against the deception practised upon her and the abhorrent and wicked scheme of mingling nerve-sufferers with maniacs.

She demanded to be released before her own reason gave way under such vile treatment and conditions.

Faced with the determination of a strong-willed and intelligent woman who had discovered that the Mental Treatment Act was a snare and a device to create lunacy, officialdom gave way and, after five and a half days in what was for her a hell-upon-earth, Miss Ward was given her liberty.

Threats

Not quite. She was taken to the railway station and given a ticket to her home town, two hundred miles away.

Glad to escape from her dreadful ordeal, Miss Ward went there without demur, although later events showed that it suited some people for her to be sent away as far as possible from Derby.

She has, in fact, since then been intimidated against returning to Derby by unofficial suggestions that attempts will be made to have her certified and forcibly detained if she does so.

All, apparently, because she is determined to have the scandal of the administration of the new Mental Treatment Act fully exposed at an independent public enquiry into her case.

The authorities have ignored every request she has made for an investigation. If they agreed, the bubble would burst and the vast lunacy fraud be laid bare.

Attempts are now being made to silence Miss Ward by sending police officers in uniform to her home to advise her to cease.

If any persons believe that she can be silenced by methods of this kind or by threats to have her put away, we are satisfied they will find themselves mistaken.

The case of Miss Ward is but one of many. It will be fought until the diabolical machinery of the Mental Treatment Act is smashed.

Tales of Hoffman

IN these days of commercial stringency it is refreshing to meet a concern so overwhelmed with orders that it finds difficulty in keeping pace with the demand.

Such a firm, evidently, is the Paramount Publishing Co., of Marsh Street, Bristol, whose presiding genius is F. Hoffman. Its business is the publication of picture postcards.

That it is a concern of marked business ability is evidenced by the fact that it numbers shopkeepers all over the West of England and the Midlands among its customers, and not only secures plenty of orders but gets the cash in advance.

With the orders booked and the cash securely in the till, however, its business organisation seems to break down and its energy to vanish.

It secures the customers, but a large proportion of them are far from satisfied.

Shopkeepers all over the wide territory it covers complain that their orders remain unfulfilled.

In July, 1931, one customer gave a

large order and paid cash in advance. Two months later an enquiry to the Paramount Publishing Co. elicited the reply that "the slight delay" was regretted, but that it must be realised that "this is the most busy part of the season."

All orders, however, were being taken in rotation, "and yours shall be dispatched at our earliest."

Another two months elapsed, and then Mr. Hoffman imparted the welcome news that the order was "in hand" and would be dispatched "next week end."

That was in November, 1931. In February, 1932, however, Mr. Hoffman had another tale to tell.

"Everything has been working perversely," but arrangements were being made for printing to be done on the premises and the order "will be one of the first to be put in hand."

Thus, two months after the order was already "in hand" it was to be "one of the first to be put in hand."

Things apparently continued to be

"working perversely," for six months later—or over a year after the cash had been collected—Mr. Hoffman was still telling the tale about hoping "to effect delivery next week."

As far as our information goes, he is still in this hopeful frame of mind.

This is not an isolated case. Mr. Hoffman's promising tales are abundant.

Shopkeepers throughout the countryside have been fobbed off with his flimsy excuses and his airy optimism.

It is a serious matter for these traders to be thus humbugged. Most of them can ill afford to have their money lie in Mr. Hoffman's pocket until in the fullness of the years he decides to supply them with the goods for which they have already paid in cash.

Such traders as desire to do business with the Paramount Publishing Co. and the tale-telling Mr. Hoffman should adopt in future a strictly C.O.D. basis.

Perhaps if cash was not forthcoming until delivery was effected Mr. Hoffman might find that the Paramount part of his business was the delivery of the goods.

JOHN BULL behind the Scenes with —

Parliament reassembles on Tuesday, and once again we are threatened by the Economy Axe. Where will it fall this time? These are the men who know, because, behind the scenes, they have long been busy deciding where the cuts shall be made. . . .

IN a rather large, slightly sombre, comfortably but not luxuriously furnished room in Whitehall there sits a very remarkable man. His name is known to millions; the man himself is known only to a few hundreds.

He exercises a more direct influence on the everyday lives of the people of this country than the Prime Minister and all the members of his Cabinet put together.

He is tall, clean-shaven, grey-haired, a man of obviously strong character, but with more than a touch of hardness about him.

Yet he has a certain suavity and pleasantness of manner which has often stood him in good stead because it has confounded those who, not suspecting what this apparent geniality concealed, have tried to take advantage of it.

Great military experts call on him and demand a million pounds for the War Office. He chats to them nicely, and it isn't until they are back in their own rooms that they realise they haven't obtained a half-penny.

The men who run the Admiralty ask him for the wages of a couple of extra watchmen or cleaners. He chats to them also, and they go away after having promised that instead of adding a few pounds to the wage bill they will cut a few pounds off.

Chief Executioner!

Influential men from the Ministry of Health, the Board of Education, the Labour Ministry, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Home Office and the other Departments go to him to explain that they must have more money to spend.

He chats to all of them—and they go away to spend less.

He used to sign the Treasury Notes as "Warren Fisher," but his full name is Sir Norman Fenwick Warren Fisher, and because he is the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and the head of His Majesty's Civil Service he is one of the most powerful men in the country.

He is the Chief Axe-Swinger, and lined up behind him is a great army of Assistant Axe-Swingers, Deputy-Assistant Axe-Swingers, and Axe-Swingers-in-Ordinary, of whom the public have never heard, although they are compelled to suffer their choppings week by week and month by month.

He looks like having a busy time because another great economy drive is in preparation. He is preparing for education cuts, pension cuts, unemployment benefit cuts.

True, these will be dictated by the general lines of Government policy, but the men to swing the axe will be not the Chancellor of the Exchequer or his fellow Ministers, but

the Permanent Civil Service heads of the Departments and the great staffs they control.

The Ministers make the speeches and get their photographs in the newspapers. Then the real Axe-Swingers have to be active whether they like it or not; and they are the Mystery Men who really run the country no matter what Government may be in power.

The procedure is this. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is told by Sir Warren Fisher how much he has to save to balance his Budget. Mr. Chamberlain first says "Good God," or words to that effect, and then he says "All right."

Man of Secrets

So Sir Warren Fisher goes back to his quiet room and dictates memoranda to the various departments telling them that they must come off their perches and reduce their estimates by so many millions. He and his assistants in the Treasury call that "rationing."

Meanwhile another figure has been moving behind the scenes. He is the Clerk to "His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council," which consists of "Certain Eminent Persons." He is also the Secretary of the Cabinet and the Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

His salary is listed at £3,000 a year; and it is his job to keep everybody concerned in as close touch as is considered wise and expedient with what the powers that be think or do not think about this, that or the other.

He is the repository of more secrets than any other man in the world, and his name is Col. Sir Maurice P. A. Hankey, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

He looks only half as significant as he really is, combines a certain amount of baldness with a certain amount of wisps of hair and a considerable gift for volubility, has as many medals as any man in the Army—and more than most—and probably exercised more power during the war and after it than any other soldier.

The Fun Begins

It is not his job either to sharpen or to swing an axe, but he passes the word along that it has to be swung. He is the Great Liaison Officer, and if there is any co-ordinating work to be done when the Last Trump is sounded Col. Sir Maurice P. A. Hankey will probably be called upon to do it. If he is, he will just run through a few books of minutes. And it will be so.

The Cabinet, Hankey, Warren Fisher—

Then the fun begins.

Take the War Office first. Lord Hallsham, who is the Secretary of State, receives his memorandum,

telling him that he must reduce War Office expenditure.

The first thing he does is to call in Sir Herbert J. Creedy. Probably you have never heard of him, although he is a K.C.B. and a K.C.V.O. But he is the man who swings the axe in the War Office, because he is the Permanent Under-Secretary.

If you would like to meet him, all you have to do is to go to the Royal Hospital Gardens at Chelsea at about ten o'clock in the morning, and then you will see a rather insignificant-looking little man wearing a bowler hat, a black coat, and an anxious expression, and carrying an umbrella no matter how brightly the sun shines.

He is supposed to be walking to the War Office, but he does nothing of the sort. He half runs and half skips, taking amusing little jumps over the diminutive fences that separate the grass plots from the paths.

Occasionally he pauses as a thought strikes him, and then prowls along for a few yards like a bloodhound following a scent.

A taciturn, kindly little man who specialised for years in private secretaryships to famous War Office figures, including Kitchener, he doesn't look as though he could wield an axe—but he does.

When the Secretary of State, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Adjutant-General to the Forces, the Quartermaster-General to the Forces, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and all the rest of them, have protested that the cuts simply can't be made, Creedy skips over to the Treasury, sees Warren Fisher, comes back to the War Office, tells the irate Generals that they can resign if they like, but it's got to be

done all the same, and, of course, it is done.

So the cuts are made and Mr. Duff Cooper, the Financial Secretary of the War Office, goes to the House of Commons, presents his estimates and protests that they are below the safety line.

But the man who has swung the Army axe is the little bowler-hatted figure who, with his umbrella tucked under his arm, hops over the tiny fences in the Chelsea Gardens every morning and probably thinks that Lord Burghley may not be such great shakes as a hurdler after all.

The Jolly Axeman

Cross over to the Foreign Office. Who sharpens the axe there?

Not Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, but Sir Robert Vansittart, the Permanent Under-Secretary.

When he went to Eton he was a tall, dark, thin, not very interesting looking boy, and he has now become a not very interesting looking man. But he has been private secretary to more Secretaries of State than any other man in the country, and he is booked to be Ambassador at either



The MEN who Sharpen the AXE

like the very devil, but as a Civil Servant he puts it through. One of the mildest-mannered executioners who ever cut off a head or saved something on contributory pensions!

Yet he is one of the axe-swingers when the word goes forth.

Call at the Board of Education. It is a thousand to one against that you will meet E. H. Pelham, C.B., but if you did you would meet an amiable, kindly, but hard-headed man, typical of the Civil Service, completely wrapped up in his job, viewing life through schools and books, yearning for more schools and more books, loathing the things

nothing of it until it had been issued. Then he sent for the high official. He thumped his desk and said: "Look here, —, I'm the Minister, and nothing goes out over my name unless I know about it."

"Then, sir," replied the high official, "I suppose you ask me for my resignation."

"I'll be damned if I ask you for anything," replied the Minister, "but if you care to offer it I'll accept it."

So the high official passed out, and soon afterwards, such are the vicissitudes of politics, the Minister passed out also.

Yet, mostly, the men who have to sharpen the axe fight against doing so until the very last moment. They are famed in the Civil Service; they are unknown outside it. They sit in their quiet Whitehall rooms, knowing that the order will come and



kind those Whitehall pinnacles mark the men who grind the national Economy Axe. Chief axe-swingers Sir Norman Warren turns the handle; his colleagues see that the sparks are not flying. They are (from left): Sir Arthur Robinson, Sir Evelyn Murray, Sir Herbert Asquith, Sir Oswyn Murray, and Sir Robert Vansittart

Washington or Paris — probably Washington.

He swings the Foreign Office axe no matter what Sir John Simon or anybody else may say. And in his spare time he sits down and writes books which carry such titles as "Songs and Satires," "Foolery," and "The Cap and Bells."

Come back home from abroad and drop in at the Post Office. Don't bother about the Postmaster-General (he is only an M.P. anyway), but call to see Sir G. Evelyn P. Murray, the Permanent Secretary.

You will find him a very delightful fellow—chatty, expansive, entertaining.

Then suddenly, if you have a proposition to make, you will find that he has the knack of sticking his

heels in the ground and saying "No" in the most courteous manner imaginable.

P.M.G.s may come and go, but Sir Evelyn Murray goes on for ever.

Nothing would delight him more than to hear the sound of the horns, the clanging of bits and the clatter of horseshoes on cobbles as the mail vans went away. Yet send him to an international conference on postal affairs and he contrives to make Great Britain look the boss country.

Such is the likeable and rather old-fashioned man who swings the axe at the Post Office when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in obedience to the demands of Sir Warren Fisher, issues the general order for economy.

Go along to the Ministry of Health and meet, not the Minister, but the Secretary, Sir Arthur Robinson.

So Very Civil

You will find a very brilliant scholar, the son of a Cumberland postmaster, a rather tall, shy man, baldish and with a small moustache. Some years ago he put the Air Ministry on its legs, and he has made amazing progress in the Civil Service.

He hates Health Ministry economy

that make the spending of more money on education apparently impossible, but ordering the cuts because he cannot help it.

Only a short while ago there was a row in the Admiralty. The Sea Lords got on their hind legs and threatened all sorts of things, as they have threatened so many times before. They would be damned, they said, before they would see the Navy estimates cut.

But they were cut, not by the First Lord, who apologised to the House of Commons, but by the Permanent Secretary, Sir Oswyn Alexander Ruthven Murray, who went to explain to Sir Warren Fisher that it couldn't be done, and who came back to tell the Admirals and the Captains that it had to be done.

Double Exit

Nine times out of ten these official axe-swingers do their execution duties unwillingly; they are Civil Servants who want to get the most for their departments and the most for the services those departments have to provide. But there is an occasional exception, and here is a story of an incident which happened not so very long ago.

A high official sent out an economy order over the name of his Parliamentary Chief. The Minister knew

preparing their counter-attack beforehand.

Sir Warren Fisher has a word with the Chancellor. The Chancellor has a lot of words with the Cabinet. The Cabinet obeys the Treasury instruction. The "cut" order is issued. The word is passed to the Departments. The Permanent Secretaries call the heads of branches together and say "Can it be done?" The heads of the branches reply, "No."

The Big Swing

So the Permanent Secretaries go to the Treasury and Sir Warren Fisher chats to them.

Then they go back to the heads of their branches and say, "Well, it's got to be done." Whereupon the heads of the branches pass the word along and the big axes and the little axes all begin to swing.

Presently the Ministers present their estimates in the House of Commons and they are passed.

But the axes have been swung by the men who never appear in the public eye, the men who are typified by the suave figure who sits at his desk in the Treasury, and the sparrow-like little man who hops over low fences in the Chelsea Gardens.

They do not look like executioners, but they swing the axe because it's their job to do so.

They are engaged in an everlasting game of oranges and lemons, and they have to chop, chop, chop, until, eventually, they must of necessity chop off the last man's head.

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JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

(5)

"H **ELP! Help!!**" I drew my loaded revolver and raced toward the scene of our latest outrage.

Bloemfontein was at the time infested with lawless wanderers. Robbery with violence was frequent, and murder not uncommon.

I was a very young, inexperienced policeman, but my revolver gave me confidence. I dived down a side-street and, about half-way along, saw a man sprawled out on his face in the middle of the road. He was groaning horribly. I blew my whistle and turned the man over, but could find no wound.

Another constable soon arrived, and, after a lot of time had been wasted in knocking up the nearest Dutch resident and explaining the situation in a mixture of English and Taal, we got the man into the house and laid him on a sofa.

We applied restoratives, and after some minutes he was mumbling disjointedly, "Watch, Purse, Knobkerrie." Suddenly a police whistle sounded not far away. Leaving the man in the Dutchman's care, we rushed helter-skelter in the direction of the sound, and found ourselves on my own beat again. There stood the superintendent in towering wrath.

"Whose beat is this?" he demanded. "Mine, sir," I replied meekly. "Well, look at that damned window!" I looked. It was a jeweller's. A large hole had been cut in the pane, and practically everything of value was by this time on the way to Pretoria or Jo'burg or some distant destination.

Suddenly the truth dawned upon me. That man I had aided was a decoy. It had been just a plant to lure me from my beat, the very crudity of which had made it successful!

TRUNCHEONS weren't heavy enough for our work in those days, so a lot of us carried the thickest end of a billiard cue, with half a pound of lead run in the butt, in addition to the revolver and twenty rounds.

One day I was sent for by the superintendent and ordered to go out to the Remount Camp and bring in a notorious character named McAllister, who had been working overtime on the crime calendar.

He was reported as roaming about among irregular camps, drinking heavily, and sleeping it off in a spare tent. He was wanted for horse-stealing, robbery with violence, and indecent assault.

It was known that he carried a re-

volver, was desperate, and a quick, sure shot.

I was allowed to select another policeman and told to bring McAllister in dead or alive.

I didn't mind the job, as I was a trick shot, too, a professional wrestler, and had 13st. 12lb to back up any little tidying-up job that might fall to my lot.

We rode out in a Cape-cart to the Remount Camp and made cautious enquiries. A tent was pointed out to us in which our man was said to be lying down.

IT was agreed that my fellow-constable should go to the tent opening and keep McAllister in conversation while I circled the tent, got under the fly behind the outlaw, and tackled him while the other man rushed in and manipulated the handcuffs.

But our little plan miscarried. My pal appeared at the tent opening and, drawing his revolver, made the mistake of challenging the outlaw openly.

"I want you, McAllister!" he cried, "and if you make a move for your gun I'll blow your head off."

The wanted man lay very still under his blanket and drawled calmly: "Partner, if you move a little part of an inch I'll get you; I'm covering you under this blanket. Drop that gun!"

My part of the job was a very delicate one. I had raised the fly just behind McAllister's head without attracting his attention, but dare not push a gun into him because of my pal's predicament. So I took the only possible course and stunned him with my club.

We handcuffed McAllister and took him back on the first stage of his trip to the Breakwater, where he was destined to spend fifteen years.

One murderer I had charge of was about the trickiest man I ever met. It was my job to attend the Orange River Colony Prison on certain days, and take him three miles across the veldt to the

court-room during the different stages of his trial.

To ensure that he took nothing in or out of prison, he was, on leaving and returning, ordered to strip stark naked in the corridor, and sent into an empty cell where another suit was awaiting him. An expert Kafir searcher examined his naked body very thoroughly, too.

Well, I would report at the jail, take him over, and make him walk a few yards in front of me all the way to court.

If he as much as stooped, out came my gun. I would watch him like a cat all the way there and back, but nearly every time he returned to prison he was carrying concealed tobacco.

How he got it I don't know to this day, but get it he certainly did, and when it was found he would favour me with a leering wink—which might easily have been misconstrued if the warders had noticed it.

IHAD a ghastly fright one night. A drunk reeled past, and I followed him, just to get him off my beat.

He disappeared into an out-building, and, as this was off my territory, I ceased to bother about him.

About half an hour afterwards I was startled by the most nerve-shattering screams.

I raced headlong to the out-house from which they came, and, finding the door locked, burst it open.

The place was in darkness, and the screaming had now ceased.

I called, but nobody answered, so I struck a match and held it up. We had

(Continued on page 26)

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Most dry batteries are advertised as being "long lived," but NEVER is there a reason given.

There is a very definite and adequate reason for the long life of Pertrix Batteries—

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"Dear little pink fairies who clean my Ivory Castles"

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SAFETY AT THE DANGER LINE But best and most important of all, Gibbs Dentifrice cleans so thoroughly, so safely, so gently. Everything that could cause decay is washed carefully away. Teeth are gently polished to bright pearly beauty. There is not a scratch on the enamel—not even on the danger line where teeth meet gums and enamel is thinnest.

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

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In neat aluminium cases: Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.
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MAKING ALL THE DIFFERENCE



"Mother, what shall I make for the boys' dinner? A milk pudding's easiest, but they won't eat them any more."

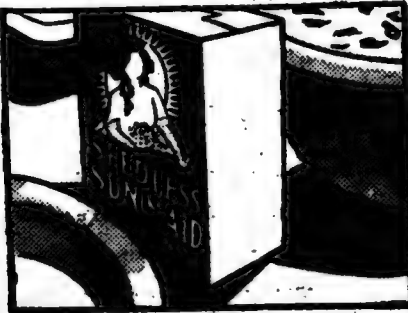


"My dear little simpleton — just put a handful of Sun-Maids into it — and they'll love it! And it'll be so much better for them."

"Why don't you always keep a packet handy — I do. I like to dip into them when I'm working — they say the iron in them is good for you — certainly they make the morning go easier."



"Give me some more, please, mum — and I want that bit with a lot of raisins in it, and make it again for us soon, mum — and will you stop stealing my raisins, Joan!"



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GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

"CALLING A MURDERER'S BLUFF"—(Continued from page 24)

no lanterns, as we were civil and military police combined, the place being under martial law.

There was a body on the floor, naked and obviously dead.

Behind the partition the shrieking recommenced.

With another match held high and revolver in hand, I edged round the corner. There, on trestles, stood a coffin, and in it a howling, hysterical man.

I dragged him out, overturning the coffin in my violence. Then I shook him into blubbing sanity.

It transpired that he was employed as mortuary orderly, and his sleeping place was really in the other half of the building.

He had come home intoxicated, turned the corpse out of its coffin, and got in himself!

After a short stupor he had awakened to find himself—as he thought—laid out for burial, so his panic was understandable.

I got to know this man better after the gruesome event, and although he was only thirty years old his hair was quite white. He told me that one grim experience had caused it. I'm not surprised. It's a wonder my own hair didn't turn grey, too.

IN those days I often used to patronise a little shooting-saloon in the town, and, believe me, with Dutch farmers, disbanded Driscoll's Scouts and other dark horses, there was some pretty shooting on occasion.

It ran 3d. a shot, and the proprietor offered 1s. for one bull's-eye, 2s. for two, a gold watch for three, and £5 for four.

One day, as I was shooting in a pool with a few others, a little man with only one eye strolled up.

His hair was growing down to his shoulders, and he had on a funny-looking pair of trousers with a pocket on the front of each leg. He asked the owner if his printed offer of prizes stood good.

"Certainly," answered the proprietor. The little chap then picked up a Winchester, fired four shots, made four neat bulls, and then cut the bull out with one in the centre for luck.

We others were absolutely amazed. The man drew a demand for his prize, and the proprietor paid over in a trance.

As the one-eyed man walked away, somebody shouted after him, "Who the devil are you?"

The crack-shot turned toward us, produced two revolvers like lightning—as if from nowhere—held them out butts first reversed them in a flash, made catherine wheels of both, fired two shots into the ground, and vanished the guns.

"Texas Jack!" he answered, and sauntered off.

And Texas Jack it was. His show had just come to town, and I went to see it a few evenings afterwards. One bit of shooting that appealed to me was a little stunt in which he shot an apple off his own head!

HE would put a loaded and cocked rifle on a tripod, walk away a few paces, turn his back to the rifle, put the apple in position, hold up a small mirror, and fire over his own shoulder at the trigger of rifle No. 1!

Another of his performances was to gallop into the arena on a mustang and shoot down five white balls from an iron plate fixed roof high.

There was some rumour about his using small-shot for this, but I heard him challenge the rumour one night by offering to have his cartridges inspected by anyone who would back his opinion with a £10 bet.

I remember one night when the late Miss Kate Vaughan was dancing at the Vaudeville Theatre, Bloemfontein, the boys brought in a private feud, and in the middle of the performance somebody fired a shot.

In less than no time the theatre was a riot, and bullets were flying all over the place—high, fortunately.

The alarm was sent, scores of police charged in, the dressing-rooms were filled with hog-tied and handcuffed prisoners—and the performance was resumed.

One job I disliked was the task of disarming nomadic natives who wan-



When the Zulus "Break Out"

tions and threatening attitudes made it a dangerously nasty job, especially at such an early hour.

Our most difficult day was the annual occasion on which the natives were allowed to dress up.

Out they would come from the kraal in a sort of carnival procession in full war paint—feathers, whirling assegais, knobkerries, drums, everything.

Towards mid-day the native beer would begin to take effect, and by mid-afternoon there would be jobs galore for the police.

One Zulu ran amok, and he had a whole bundle of spears, a shield, and two knobkerries to play with.

It took six of us to handle him, and even then a revolver butt had to register the deciding vote.

Next morning when he was released and escorted outside the town he was in his proper dress. And what a dress!—spats, silk hat, gold-headed cane; and his boots hung round his neck by the laces, where they would remain until he again entered a town.

Talk about non-stop variety! We had all the variety we wanted in the South African Police!

Yes, they were exciting times. But, of course, we were paid well—sixpence a day extra duty pay!

"Out they would come from the kraal in full war paint!"

dered in from the veldt about dawn. The order was very strict—and no wonder: "All natives entering town to be deprived of their weapons."

Along they would come, perhaps a score or more, in Indian file.

They had to be stopped, so I would hold up my hand and block their way, draw my revolver, and pass my left hand over each for weapons—looking over my shoulder, too—extracting knobkerries, knives and assegais, and throwing them in a heap.

My revolver had to be very eloquent. Their fierce looks, clicking remonstrations

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Duty of Cheerfulness

A WORKING man who reads JOHN BULL writes me a thoughtful and friendly letter in which he says that he thinks it almost impossible to maintain a happy spirit right through life.

Looking back on his own career, he realises that it has contained so much trouble and pain as to have deprived him of the capacity for light-heartedness, though it has deepened his sympathy both for young and old in their trials and difficulties.

One can generally feel from the tone of a letter what sort of a person the writer is, and I am sure this man is a fine character whom I should be glad to have for a friend.

And I agree with his point of view so far as to say that I have never known anyone with much depth of character who had not suffered, though neither do I believe that suffering necessarily makes people good.

On the contrary, it often makes people bad—spurs and embitters them, renders them hard, self-centred, and at times even malicious.

Seldom does suffering leave a man as it found him. He will either be better for it or worse, according to the way in which he reacts to it.

The finest kind of character that the discipline of life produces is that which is tempered in the fires of affliction and hammered on the anvil of hardship and yet somehow retains as its chief quality a kindly joy.

I am told that the Church of Rome never canonises a saint unless it can be proved that the person thus honoured habitually exhibited what is called

heroic virtue, combined with a deep and abiding joy.

This requirement reveals wise insight on the part of its framers. Heroic virtue only means behaving nobly at whatever cost in pain and sorrow; and the good man, in any sense of the word, is the man who can do this and be happy in doing it—in fact, the one thing implies the other.

The truly happy people in the world are not the people who have the easiest time, but those who play the game well and refuse to succumb to mournfulness and despair.

When we are in trouble we never go for comfort to the frivolous and shallow, but neither do we go to the fretful and despondent.

We go to the quiet and strong, who know life in the depths as well as on the heights, in the darkness as well as in the light, but who give us the impression of being at peace with themselves and all the world.

These are the people we want to be with; these are the people who help us. Yes, there is a duty of looking on the bright side of things, of never giving way to the temptation to lie down and bemoan our fate when luck is going against us.

We owe it to ourselves, to those we love, and to the world at large to present a cheerful countenance to whatever awaits us.

It is often hard to do, but the sure and certain outcome is mastery in whatever we are and wherever we go.

Your load may be heavy, but if you carry it with a smile you will not be left to carry it alone.

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CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding.

CLOSING DATE:

Entries must reach us not later than Friday, October 22, 1932.

RESULT:

A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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Keep them well on good hot breakfasts



tired children need this for supper too...

Robust health, with power to resist school epidemics, depends on good nourishing food. A satisfying hot breakfast is essential. Start them off on Shredded Wheat with hot milk, and rest assured that they are fit for their morning's work or play. Shredded Wheat gives them warmth and energy, builds them up with its easily digested nourishment, and, most important, it aids regular habits because it contains all the bran. Last thing at night, Shredded Wheat with hot milk is soothing and satisfying. It is no trouble to prepare—and how they like it!

Shredded Wheat consists of the whole of the wheat grain, nothing added, nothing taken away, it is an indispensable food for everyone. Grown-ups as well as children, are all the better for this sensible food. With milk, fruit or butter, it is welcome at breakfast, lunch or supper. You will find it economical and trouble-saving as well as healthful.

A Real Treat.

Place a Shredded Wheat at the bottom of a jelly mould. Make jelly, pour on and leave to set in the usual way. A delicious and nourishing sweet,



Made in England by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

SHREDDED WHEAT



"When folks come in my shop to seek

"Comfort for a chest that's weak

I say: "Here's something quite unique

"Go... suck a ZUBE"

Zubes are best for keeping throat and chest free from huskiness. They give you a pleasant glowing sensation as you suck them... make you breathe in comfort.

ZUBES

210 221 366

WET ERUPTIONS ON BABY'S HEAD

Had Many Sleepless Nights. Healed by Cuticura.

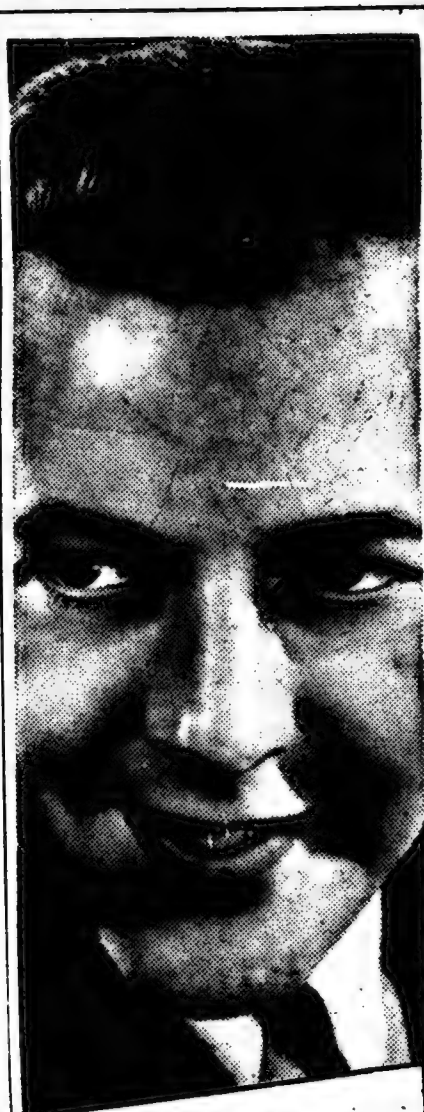
"Sore eruptions broke out on baby's head and seemed to be worse all the time. She did scratch them terribly, and they started breaking out on her arms and legs. They were of a wet nature and later scaled over. I had to put gloves on her when she went to bed. We had many sleepless nights with her.

"She had the trouble about two months when I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and in five or six weeks she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. Badman, 10, Stanley Ter., Gloucester Rd., Southwell, Nr. Bristol, Glos., Eng.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Box 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. Tubes 1s. 2d. For sample each address: J. H. H. & Co., Ltd., 11, Market St., London, E.C. 1.

500 Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.



He greets
each day with
a smile...do you?

He starts every day right with a nourishing breakfast of Quaker Oats. He knows it is the finest start to an active day and the surest way of building up strength and energy.

Because Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, it is rich in everything essential to health and vitality.

A special roasting process gives Quaker a rich creamy flavour no other oat can imitate.

Where else can you get so much appetizing nourishment at so little cost?

A quick no-trouble breakfast, too *Quick* Quaker is ready in 4 minutes.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London

WIVES— don't you believe it!

by
**PHILIP
INMAN**

ONE day I called to see the late Lord Knutsford. On his study desk there was a quaint little curio. "The Three Wise Monkeys." One had its ears covered, another its eyes, and another its mouth. The words underneath read: "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

I suggested to Lord Knutsford there should be a fourth, giving this advice—"Write no evil."

The world would indeed be a happier place if this fourth precept were universally adopted. And my task as "Humanist" would be immeasurably lightened.

Amongst my letters this week is one from a husband, who says:

"I have been married for seven years, and up to a month or two ago there was not a happier couple in this town. Then, my wife suddenly changed in her manner towards me.

"Somebody wrote a letter to her telling the most foul lies about me, and the cur, whoever it was, had not the decency to sign his or her name. Although my wife assured me she did not believe what was said, the whole thing seems to have rankled in her mind, and it seems as if a barrier has come up between us.

"I saw the police about it, but they tell me they can do nothing. In my great distress I am writing to ask for your help."

My correspondent is right. Anyone who tries to break up a happy home is a foul and loathsome creature, and his (or her) conduct is far worse when done under the cloak of anonymity.

I have one very short way with such letter-writers. I always look for the signature, and if the letter is not signed, it goes into the wastepaper-basket unread. What a pity that was not done in this case. It would have saved a great deal of heart-ache and trouble.

But if that wife is a wise woman she will not allow her home life to be wrecked on such flimsy and unfounded evidence.

Surely after living with her husband for seven years his word must mean far more to her than the spiteful allegations of an unknown and cowardly correspondent. I counsel her to forget that she ever received such a missive.

There are some people in the world

"The
Greatest
of These—"

GRATITUDE

WE wish that it were possible for our subscribers to see a little of the fruits of their generosity. Touched by the sad stories we have had to tell, they have responded magnificently, have done their utmost to help.

Here we publish extracts from two letters which will help them to appreciate the good they do.

A little while back we drew attention to "A Mother's Prayer," with the result that we have been able to send the family a weekly grant. She writes:

"I must really thank you and the readers of JOHN BULL. I am sorry I cannot thank them all in person for their great goodness to me.

"They have lifted a load of worry from my shoulders, as I have been able to give my children proper food. You may rest assured that I will spend it wisely, having known such hardship as I have experienced of late.

"So I thank all from the bottom of my heart. It would do the readers of

who have a peculiar kink. They cannot bear to see other folk happy. I should think the writer of that "poison pen" letter is one of them. If his identity is ever discovered I hope he will receive his deserts.

My next correspondent's problem is on rather different lines. He is a young fellow who writes to tell me his employer has been exceedingly kind to him for many years, and adds:

"In fact, he is more like a friend than a boss. I also know his wife, and often used to go to his home for musical evenings. But during the last twelve months he seems to have become very attached to his head typist. They arrive together in the morning, sometimes work late in the evening, play golf together and spend most of their time in each other's company.

"Naturally people are talking about them, and not only the staff, but also outsiders. Knowing him so well, I did not take much notice until intimate family matters, which my employer obviously had confided to this typist, began to be noised abroad, proving that she did not even keep his confidence.

"It worries me very much, and I would like to ask you whether, in view of all his kindness to me, I ought to acquaint him with the facts. Do you think it might help to save him from possible disaster in his home life?"

I have every sympathy with my correspondent's desire to help one to whom he owes so much. But he is treading on rather dangerous ground. He must remember that he is a subordinate, and that his employer might resent any interference on his part. If that happened, his very livelihood might possibly be jeopardised.

But it is obvious that something should be done. If not, this employer may suffer both in his home life and his business.

Then who is to tell him? I think this is the wisest plan.

Amongst those "people who are talking about them" does there happen to be a mutual friend of my correspondent and his employer? someone preferably who is not dependent upon the latter?

He would be the right one to warn this man of the danger he is running. In that way my correspondent would

JOHN BULL good if they could see my kiddies' smiles when they can have a little extra."

And Alice's mother, for whom we appealed in our article, "An Old Couple's Tragedy," broke down completely when we were able, through our readers' help, to hand her over sufficient to pay her arrears of rent and redeem her bedclothes, etc., from pawn.

The next day we received this letter: "My husband and I wish to thank you from both our hearts for your great kindness in our distress. Also, may we give our sincere thanks to the generous donors who have helped us over our trouble?"

All subscriptions for the help of our fund, which is in low water and needs our readers' generous support, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a list of the current week's will be sent on application.



"Anyone who tries to break up a happy home under the cloak of anonymity is a foul and loathsome creature"

achieve his object without becoming involved in any way.

My third case I am afraid is an all too common one. It concerns a young wife, who is very much perturbed at the unwarranted interference of her sister-in-law. The letter proceeds:

"As my husband lost his parents when he was quite young it was his sister who brought him up, and she is much older than either of us. Shortly after our marriage, as things were rather tight with us, she agreed to rent two of our rooms, and my life has been made miserable ever since.

"Everything I do seems to be wrong in her eyes. Sometimes she comes in when we are having a meal, and before my face she complains about my cooking. She takes a delight in criticising my friends, and if I go out occasionally to the pictures or to any amusement, she keeps hinting that my place is in my home. I am sick to death of her constant fault-finding, and I am at my wit's end to know what to do."

That girl should not be called upon to do anything. It is definitely her husband's job to intervene.

He must make it clear to his sister that any interference with his wife must cease. He may feel that he owes her a debt of gratitude, but now he is married his wife must come first. If that sister cannot live in peace she should be made to find accommodation elsewhere.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

JOHN BULL's "Humanist" here deals with more readers' problems. He can help you; write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 21 is. is paid for each letter quoted.

He's a MAN

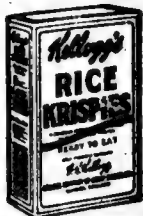
In the making!



How carefully you safeguard his food, his rest, his play—for you want him to grow up the healthiest boy in the land.

And that's why we are reminding you of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream and simply fascinate children.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are one of the best of cereals for children. Nourishing. Yet so easy to digest. Good for any meal. No cooking required. Always oven-fresh. Sold by all grocers—in the red-and-green packet. *Quality guaranteed.*



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AMAZING SALE BARGAIN

REDUCED
From 16/11
to 12/6

FLECKED WOOL
CREPE
FROCK

SENT FOR
1/6
WITH ORDER



We have a small number of these Frocks only, and as a very Special Offer to lady readers we have reduced the price from 16/11 to 12/6 for one month only. You should, therefore, seize this Bargain opportunity at once.

It is cut from soft weave woollen Crepe of fashionable woven fleck design, and has skirt smartly pleated and finished all-round belt and erinoid slide. Collar and jabot are beige, and both tastefully embroidered with Art. Silk.

We will send it to you on "home approval" for a small deposit of 1/6 only, and if you are not entirely satisfied you may return it and your deposit will be immediately refunded.

SHADES: Sage Blue, Almond Green, Wine or Navy.

LENGTHS: 39, 42, and 45 inches.

OUT-SIZES: 44 and 46 inches, 3/- extra.

K223. BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Frock K223 at Special Sale Price of 12/6.

Length..... Colour.....

If outside required please state "O.S."

I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/6 or more. Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

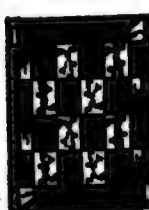
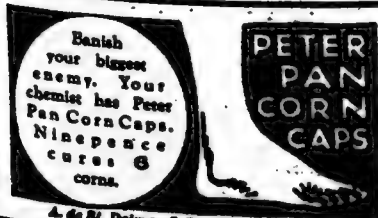
Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

John Bull, 15/10/32.

No. 309.

Post your order at once to **AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd.**,
502, Ambrose House, 68, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1

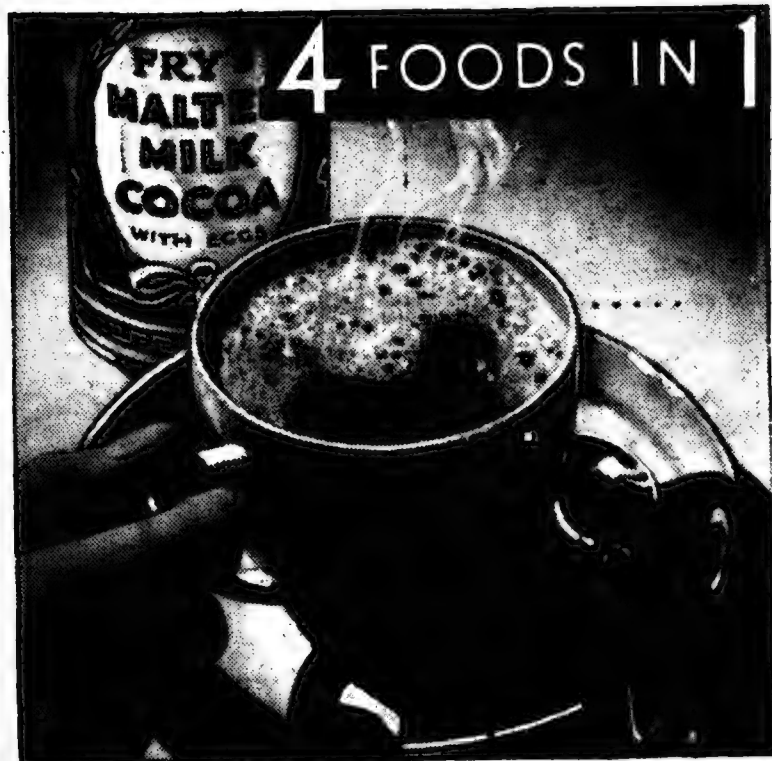
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Rugs, Cork Lino, and Composites
Squares, etc., in latest artistic pat-
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Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

ONLY 7½d

... and look at the
good it's doing!



Q Read these extracts from letters we have received:

"... gives my nerves the tonic they require."

"As a chauffeur driving in London for twelve hours every day I wish to tell you of the benefit I get from your excellent drink of Malt, Eggs and Cocoa. A cup each morning gives my nerves the tonic they require for London traffic."

W.S., LONDON, N.W.5.

"... her supply of breast milk increased wonderfully."

"... but after taking your 'Malted Milk Cocoa' for a few days her supply of breast milk increased wonderfully. We feel very much indebted to you for this highly nutritious food at such a remarkably low price."

A.C.K., SHALFORD, SURREY.

PURE BRITISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT •
PURE BRITISH MILK • SELECTED BRITISH
FARMHOUSE EGGS • FRY'S FAMOUS
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FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

7½d

DOUBLE SIZE 1/2
PER ½ lb. 1 lb. SIZE 2/2

These prices do not apply
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★ LARGE free SAMPLE TIN

For a free sample please PIN a 1½d. stamp (which is less than half the cost of packing and postage) to this coupon. Write your name and address in CAPITAL LETTERS and post the coupon to J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., M.M.C. DEPT. 8C, UNION STREET, BRISTOL. Only one sample to each family. PIN your stamp to coupon. Please do NOT stick it.

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Please seal your envelope and use a 1½d. stamp. This offer is available for residents in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

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if everything that
'did me good' were
as nice as

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THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE



. . . wouldn't life
be grand . . . ?

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COMFORT AND
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FOR CARRYING IN
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These distressing skin complaints
are sure outward signs of impurities
in the blood; surface treatment
cannot bring lasting relief, so
get "Clarkes Blood Mixture" and
remove the cause of the trouble
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Obtainable in Liquid or Tablet form
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An Hour that Makes ME SHUDDER

by **SIR HENRY BIRKIN**,
the famous racing motorist



YOU'D think I'd have no difficulty in choosing from my exciting life a "greatest hour" I'd like to live over again.

But I have—in fact, I find it impossible to make such a choice.

That is because I can recall so many great hours. Moments of splendid thrills and keen excitement, when I have won races—yes, and when I have lost them. Moments when I have driven at tremendous speeds, when the slightest hitch might have meant that I should never be here to-day.

Yet when I remember one such occasion another immediately comes to my mind which seems an even greater hour than the first.

What I will tell you about, because the choice is easy, is my worst hour—the hour I'd never wish to live again.

That was when the Imperial Airways luxury liner *Hannibal* crashed on her journey from Croydon to France in August, 1931, and I was a passenger.

To begin with, we were delayed for more than an hour at Croydon before the *Hannibal* could start, owing to some trouble with the brakes.

But this was put right, and none of us anticipated further trouble. Although a gale was blowing, we travelled at the average speed, and all seemed to be going well till we were passing over some hopfields at Tudeley, near Tonbridge.

Inferno

Then, suddenly, there was a tremendous vibration accompanied by a terrific noise, which made us feel the machine was being wrenched to pieces.

There were eighteen passengers, thirteen men and five women.

I realised at once that the propeller had broken, for, looking through the window, I saw broken pieces of it whirling past. Then followed a awe-inspiring clouds of black smoke, due to trouble with one of the engines.

What concerned me most was where we were going to land. There did not appear to be a suitable spot anywhere about.

Most of the passengers were

thoroughly alarmed, wondering what was going to happen and what they were going to do.

I knew that there was nothing we could do to help other than remain where we were and keep as calm as possible, trusting all the while to the skill of our pilot, Captain Dismore.

To panic or rush about would only make matters more serious even than they were.

We were only about 900 feet up at the time of the accident, and, looking back now, it seems incredible that the time taken for our descent could have been so short.

But when you are expecting every moment to be your last, moments seem like hours.

With my mechanical experience, I realised the danger we were in only too well, but I implored the passengers not to get excited. "Keep your bodies as limp as you can; everything will be all right," I told them.

I do not think that inwardly I was as reassured as I tried to make my advice sound. Anyhow, I felt instinctively that if we passengers remained in our seats it would reduce the danger of our descent.

Pilot's miracle

The skill of the pilot was wonderful, for we came down in a small field in a manner that was little short of miraculous.

The right-hand wing of the air liner

"We came down in a small field in a manner that was little short of miraculous"—the air liner "*Hannibal*" after her crash

struck a telegraph pole, which pierced the luggage compartment and was dragged along by the aeroplane.

At the same time the tail of the machine was pulled off by the telegraph wire.

All this happened in far less time than it takes to describe it.

At one moment a farmhouse loomed ahead, so close that it seemed absolutely impossible for us not to crash into it. We all held our breath as we glided over the roof of it with only inches to spare.

The machine finally landed on the two wheels safely, but with such a tremendous bump that it threw all the engines out of commission and gave us a bone-shattering shake-up. I do not think any of us minded that. We were all so relieved to find we were safe, after such a terrible ordeal.

Agony of impotence

Our extrication from the wrecked machine was effected with comparative ease by people who rushed to our aid. We were given refreshments at the local vicarage, and, after a brief rest, were driven to Lymington in order to continue the journey by air.

We learned afterwards that the accident to the *Hannibal* was due to a large bird crashing into the propeller.

But whatever the cause, the more I think of that awful experience the less hesitation I have in saying it was the worst of my life.

To be in danger when racing one's own motor-car is a very different thing. I have often experienced that, but have never felt so helpless as I did in the *Hannibal* when I shared the danger with other passengers. Watching their plight and feeling powerless to help them was agony to me.

Everything depended on the pilot, and had it not been for his skill I should most certainly not be here to-day to describe the experience in my life I'd never wish to live again.

The
Human
Machine

Stand Alone!

CAN you stand on your own feet? You may think you can, but can you? Perhaps you have never really tried. You are, maybe, one of those people who can never do anything without first asking someone else what you ought to do. If you are, then you're always standing on someone else's feet instead of your own.

Other people's advice and counsel can be very useful, provided it is asked for and accepted in the right frame of mind. There are occasions every day when we come up against some common problem that baffles us, some dividing of the ways that leaves us a little puzzled which path we ought to take.

It is on such occasions that we have every right to ask advice—provided we go to someone whose experience of life and its problems is much greater than ours, and provided we are prepared to accept the guidance that their superior knowledge can give.

If we only want to be patted on the back and told how wise we are, then we waste our own time and that of the person whose advice we ask. If we know already, why bother someone else?

But, on the whole, we should do well to practise standing on our own feet, learn to face and solve our own problems, for no two people see with the same eyes, and although people can certainly help each other they can't perform miracles.

Self-reliance is an invaluable trait and should be assiduously cultivated; it is something we can all train and develop; like most mental attributes, it is practice that makes it perfect.

Most people are puzzled because they won't learn to think things out. Some won't even learn to think.

Whatever the problem with which you are faced, it is only, in essence, a direct challenge to you to use your brains. To use someone else's before you have tried to use your own is to confess a mental laziness that is nothing to be proud of.

There's something in these cakes
that makes them
lighter

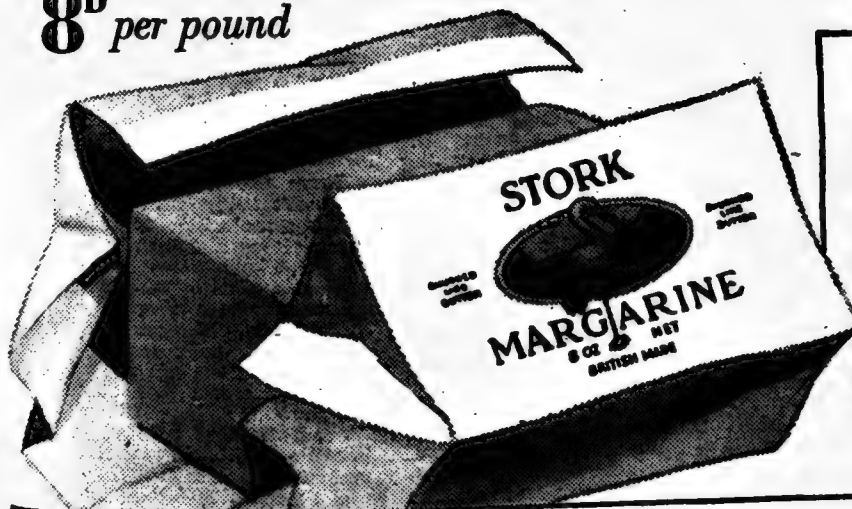


Three things you need to remember to keep your home-made cakes light—

Weigh all the ingredients.
Beat the mixture well,
Use Stork Margarine.

Even in Madeira Cake, with no added flavouring, Stork gives your cake that buttery lightness, that moist, rich flavour that

8^d per pound



makes real home-made cake such a favourite with the family. Because Stork is *pure* first of all; and because it is *fresh*. You know just what goes into the cakes you make at home. And the best thing that goes into them is Stork. Stork is full of nourishment, rich in energy-giving fat, and with the fresh, good flavour that you enjoy on bread. So give your boy or girl a slice of your home-made cake for lunch, and see how much they enjoy it and how it keeps them going until dinner time.

FREE 28-page Cookery Book

Before making your next batch of cakes obtain this invaluable new cookery book. Contains dozens of useful hints that will help with all your cooking. Fill in your name and address, cut this out and send it to

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For cakes that make you cut and come again

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SAUSAGES
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are nicer with

HP SAUCE

The perfect blending of
Oriental fruits, spices
and pure malt vine-
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rivalled with bacon,
fish, meat, cheese,
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Glitto



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This Natural Australian Opossum
Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey.
Exquisitely soft and modelled in
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Size 14 x 14 in. Price 24/6
Taxes: 4/- per month.
Write for Catalogue of Fur
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Keenest Prices and Easy Terms.
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Elasto

Regd.

and Be Rid of
LEG TROUBLE

★ See Back Cover.

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Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace,
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writes: "I have derived great
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By taking Vitadatio for a few
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3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in
Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- bottle, containing
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40 to 70-

the best years of your life!

Forty to Seventy is the life-period of greatest usefulness. It is the period of ripened experience. It should also be the period of enjoyment of the good things of life. It should be, and can be, the most satisfying time of your life!

'PHYLOSAN' brand of chlorophyll tablets will help to make forty to seventy the best years of your life. These tablets are prepared under the direction of E. Buerger, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. Revitalizing and rejuvenating, they are making life 'worth living, worth enjoying, worth prolonging' for men and women over forty all over the world.

Scientifically observed tests have proved that these tablets revitalize the blood, rejuvenate the arteries, accelerate the rebuilding of worn-out tissue cells, fortify the heart, give new vigour to nerves and brain, and increase all the physical and vital forces of the body, *irrespective of age!*

'PHYLOSAN' brand tablets contain no deleterious chemicals, no strychnine, no quinine, no alcohol, no animal extracts; form no harmful habit, are non-constipating, have no unpleasant after-effects.

Start taking 'PHYLOSAN' brand tablets to-day! Just two tiny tasteless tablets three times a day before meals. So simple, but if you take the tablets regularly, we believe the results will astonish you. Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

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'PHYLOSAN'

(brand)

Regd.

TABLETS TO-DAY!

to revitalize your Blood

rejuvenate your Arteries

correct your Blood Pressure

fortify your Heart, strengthen

your Nerves, and increase all

your Physical and Vital Forces

—irrespective of age!

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLOSAN' is the regd. trade mark applied to the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. Buerger, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

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Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substances in our World," describing the scientific researches and the remarkable results obtained with "Phyllosan" brand tablets.

Name

Address

Use unsealed envelope, with 1d. stamp.
WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS. J.B., 15/10/32.

Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London.

"PEOPLE, respect this building, which is yours." The words, placarded high up in the granite walls of the Royal Palace at Madrid, confronted me and about ten thousand others who were trying to squeeze into the courtyard where a play was being given on an improvised stage.

The Royal Palace rears its six stories of marble and granite high over the Manzanares river. It is two hundred yards long. Two hundred years ago it cost three million pounds to build.

Now it hangs above the city grimly empty—its gaping windows like caverns in a white chalk cliff. Dank green lichen clusters in the corners of the stonework, and even the crowd, as it pressed into the courtyard, did not disturb for more than a few moments the swallows flitting in and out of it, like ghosts of vanished courtiers.

Swept in by the rest, I was carried through the court, where all Madrid seemed to be taking its seats for the performance, up to the main entrance, but once through these doors I was alone, alone in a stately sepulchre of vanished glories.

Here was the great sweep of shallow steps where the Ambassadors came and went, where plumed sea captains entered with their charts of the fabulous new world and red cardinals passed to threaten the wrath of the Inquisition.

Here were the marble lions where Napoleon laid his hand and said, "I hold at last the Spain I desired so long"—and the long prospect of tapestry-hung rooms down which he looked when he cried out: "This King is better lodged than I."

Departed glory

But the life had departed, the hangings flapped over damp patches, the lions glared vacantly into space. Here were ceilings covered with great frescoes, paintings of billowy cloud and purple ocean and cherubs blowing trumpets—and ceilings moulded out of exquisite porcelain, and great rows of grey marble columns.

But no living thing was left from even two years back, except the cream-coloured royal ponies of Aranjuez.

I found a few left in their stable, not quite so spruce and well fed as they used to be, their fine silky manes a little bedraggled, a weary look in their eyes. Perhaps they are tired of waiting for their royal master to come back and pat their necks and give them sugar again.

And it is eloquent, this palace, of so many palaces in Spain. Palaces of the King—the Escorial, its marble courts so cold and bleak and bare; the Palace of Aranjuez set in a sweep of gardens where the grass is ragged and the plane trees drop their leaves into the fountains like tears for the past; palaces of the nobles whose masters are cooped between the wire in the deserts of West Africa, while the ivy chokes up the fountains, and wild roses and honeysuckle climb over the wrought iron of the balconies.

In one I found an old gardener gallantly struggling to keep down the weeds so that the master could find all in order "when he came back." In another, a band of wandering gypsies had encamped.

But most pathetic, perhaps because it

It's a NEW Spanish Custom . . .



A glimpse at the Alcazar, "the most beautiful palace in Spain"

by
GEORGE EDINGER

is the smallest and most intimate, is the royal palace of the Alcazar at Seville.

The Alcazar is the most charming palace in Spain.

It was started six hundred years ago by Moorish craftsmen, who designed its tiled courts and lovingly carved its ceilings of cedarwood. But every generation and every country has contributed something to build up this little gem.

Here are great tangled glass chandeliers from Venice, carved, gilded and embroidered furniture of eighteenth-century France, little china Cupids and shepherdesses from South Germany, stamped and embossed Cordova leather.

Sometimes you step into a Moorish courtyard, all red and blue and gold like

a vision of the "Arabian Nights"; sometimes into a gallery of silks and satins and porcelain that might have been raised by the wand of Cinderella's fairy god-mother.

On a marble-topped gilt table was a mechanical clock with birds that sung and a fountain that played when the hour struck. I tried to turn the key, but the guardian shrugged his shoulders: "It is broken; we will mend it to-morrow." I wondered how often he had

referred to that to-morrow.

I penetrated into the King's private apartments. They were simply, almost severely, furnished, it seemed, after all the splendour of the reception rooms and galleries. Chairs, bed, wardrobe were all made of plain white ash.

From the bedroom opened the royal bathroom, very much like any other bathroom, but rather larger. Its white tiled basin, the long white bath, the towels carefully folded and laid over a metal rail seemed ready to receive a visitor in a few minutes. But I knew there would be no visitor for many years.

Reproachful eyes

From the bedroom I reached King Alfonso's study, with its leather-topped writing table, the photographs of his friends standing upright in their silver frames, a gold-mounted telephone (presented by the telephone company) placed at one end of it.

I sat idly down and took a cigarette out of the box in front of me. There was nothing to stop me. And instinctively I struck a match and closed the box again.

From the head painted on the lid two brown eyes seemed to look up at me reproachfully. I looked more closely. It was the head of a dog, of the King's favourite curly-headed poodle who used a year and a half ago to watch so faithfully over his master's property here in the Alcazar.

He seemed to be watching me now. I imagined the reproach in those soft brown eyes, of course, but the imagination grows vivid in surroundings like these. I put back the cigarette, got up and walked respectfully away.

It was a relief to hear the sound of the men's voices down below. Down in the dining hall, built by the Emperor Charles V, adorned with Moorish tiles, the woodwork painted with the heads of men and animals in the sixteenth-century style, I found a dozen mechanics who had assembled for orchestra practice.

The mourners

"Now, comrades, let's try those last bars over again," the conductor was saying.

I joined them. They asked me if I would attend their concert next day: there was to be music in the Alcazar, they told me, and later a dance in the courtyard.

But I was leaving Seville. I went my way out through the gardens down a long avenue of cypresses that stood like rigid mourners over the vanished past.

SIDE-SLIPS

Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

THORNTON-CLEVELY'S ADVERTISER AND FYLDE NEWS:—"The total population of the world is now estimated at 2,012,000, of whom 508,000,000 live in Europe."

THE CORNISHMAN:—"I BOUGHT the election as an unendorsed candidate."

THE OBLITERATED BUDDHA:—"It was designed sitting, with KNEES TUCKED UNDER THE FEET."

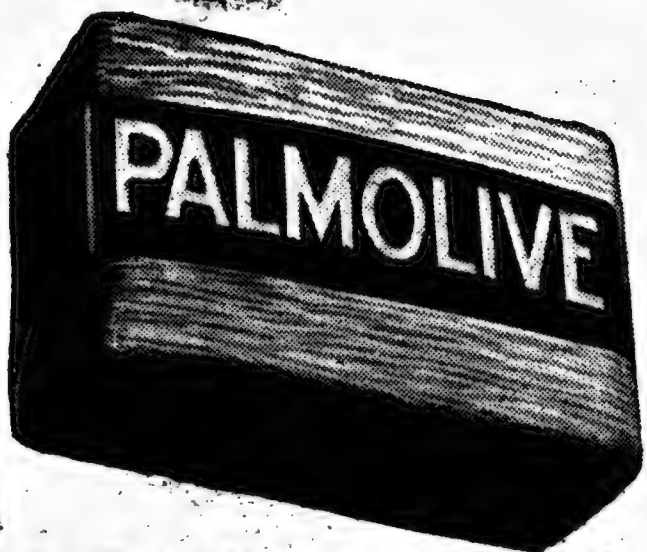
WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"I have claimed to speak on behalf of the very class to sacrifice whose interest you impute to me a desire to FEAST myself to death."

THE SIDMOUTH HERALD:—"It is pleasing, however, to note that the excellent results of his skill and INABILITY . . ."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"He was just on the turn when he realized that his steering FEAR was out of order."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Mr. — was suddenly taken seriously ill with a SCRIPTIC leg, due to an insect bite."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"Jaguars, anacondas and other fearsome FEASTS and reptiles."



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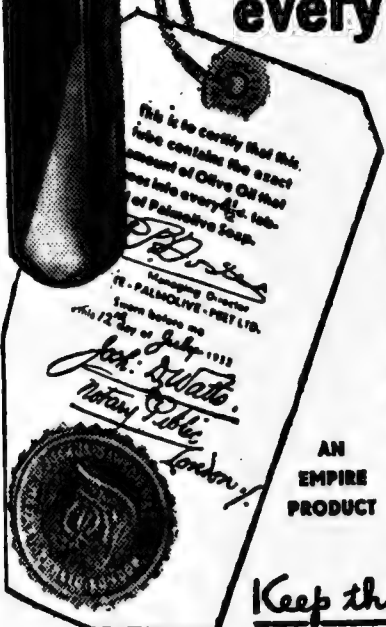
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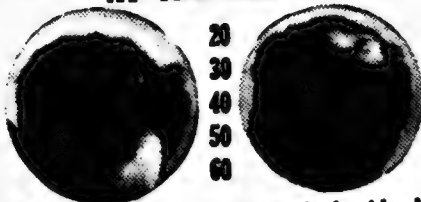
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See Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without. Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

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SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

It is the most valuable body building and nerve restoring food known to medical science. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and makes weakly children strong and healthy. Roboleine consists of Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg and neutralised Lemon Juice, and has been recommended by doctors for over 25 years.



IN JARS,
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12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Wandsworth Laboratories,
Clapham Road, London, S.W.5.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (Use block letters.)
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by W. J.
Anstruther-Gray,

M.P. for North Lanark, and a well-known steeplechase gentleman rider.

Why not OWN A LEG of a Racehorse?

I LOOK forward to the day—and not far distant—when the comparatively poor man will be able to keep his own racehorse—at any rate, a part of a racehorse.

You may think that is a fantastic idea, but it is nothing of the sort. The "Sport of Kings" can quite easily become the sport of the masses.

And the key to the transformation is partnership.

There is no reason why a number of friends, or a working-men's club, or any similar body, should not join together in the purchase and upkeep of a racehorse, in which they would register a partnership in order to comply with the rules of the Jockey Club.

Better for everyone

Such a development in racing would add enormously to its popularity and prosperity.

Suppose, for instance, that a working-men's club registered a partnership in a horse.

When it ran in a race, as many club members as could get away would want to go to see the race. Those who could afford it would want to take their families and friends as well.

That would eventually mean more spectators at race meetings, more business for the "tote" and bookmakers, and incidentally some increased benefit to the railways and road transport services.

We should in time, as the idea grew, have real football "Cup Final" crowds on the racecourses, not only at Epsom or Doncaster, but at the smaller meetings, too.

There would, of course, have to be very definite rules as to the way such a scheme was worked out by the co-partners.

In a club, for instance, I can foresee the chance of a really controversial evening once a month, or even once a week, when important decisions had to be made.

A little heated . . .

In the first place, there would be voting regarding the purchase of a horse, then a vote on who should train it, which races it should run in and who should ride it.

I have no doubt that when it came to the choice of a jockey there would be some heated discussions.

Personally, if I were one of the partners in a good "chaser," I should be willing to purchase extra shares if that would entitle me to ride it myself. I

enjoy nothing more than riding my own horses in a steeplechase, as I did at Aintree this year, when I rode my horse, Our Empire, into fourth place in the Liverpool Foxhunters' Steeplechase over the full Grand National course.

One important benefit, which, in fact, result from a partnership scheme run on the lines I suggest would be the additional opportunities it would give to unknown and little-known jockeys.

However much we wanted them, we could not all have Steve Donoghue and Gordon Richards, or if it were steeplechasing, Billie Stott and Jerry Wilson, riding our Co-partnership horse. No doubt there are people who will criticise my scheme. How, they will ask, can a working-men's club afford to buy a horse? Well, why not?

I know of a horse which was bought for ten guineas this year, and which paid its cost price, all expenses and a profit of £100 when it was sold four months later. I know of another which cost £20 in September last year and won a £100 race in March. Indeed, I have ridden a £20 horse myself in a £1,000 steeplechase, and was not so very far off winning, either.

Those were 'chasers, but the same thing has been done with yearlings, which have repaid their cost price ten times over as two-year-olds on the flat.

After all, the history of the Turf has furnished us with some classic examples of horses which, after being bought cheaply and not considered of much

Race with "Silver Ring"

Good Cards at Lingfield

I SHALL have one more opportunity of discussing the Cambridgehire, and, as the handicap is so open, I prefer to leave the black-lettered selection until the last moment.

A reader has taken me to task for not putting up an outsider. He asks for 66 to 1. I am afraid there is nothing doing.

My early selections were St. Oswald and Venturer—both are on the 20 to 1 mark—and Scatterash, 25 to 1.

I might be tempted to invest a trifle on Alluvial at 33 to 1, but Galdennia, Lucelle, Shred and Autumn Tints, the few that the ante-post layers are quoting at extravagant odds, are quite hopeless cases.

Two excellent cards will be presented at Lingfield this week-end. The Lingfield Handicap, Autumn Oaks and October Nursery, all on the second day, are particularly attractive.

Witch Doctor II, Careful Sailor and

A horse under the hammer in the Doncaster sales ring. Why not tackle your pals and make a bid?

account, have surpassed the wildest dreams of their owners.

Look at the dam of April the Fifth, this year's Derby winner, which was bought for an odd £20; or Poethlyn, winner of a Grand National and a Catwick substitute National, bought for £20.

The greater the element of chance, the more interesting the speculation would be to the part-owner.

The most expensive item in the experiment would be the training of the horse. Its success or failure would depend upon that. Then there would be the cost of travelling, transport and entry fees. Let us hope, however, that the horse would win sometimes. The winnings would naturally be pooled and shared by the co-partners after expenses had been paid.

Worth winning

Though in some classic races the stakes are large, 10,000 guineas and more, the average is more like £200 on the flat or £100 over fences. But if the horse won one or two of these it would pay all right.

All things considered, I believe the idea of a co-partnership scheme to be a good one. It is already being practised on a small scale.

When Tom Walls led in the Derby winner this year, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowds, some of the friends who were with him had a share in the horse. The Derby winner was, in fact, a part-owned racehorse.

And what Tom Walls can do, others can do. Why not?

Blockade make most appeal in the Lingfield Handicap, and I expect Careful Sailor will register another Saturday success for Nightingall.

Udaipur, if started, will win the Oaks and Diomedol, who won for us at Alexandra Park at 7 to 1, may come up again in the Nursery.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 13, to Wednesday, October 19.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O

93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily*.

Read those above or below.
KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.
Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

OCTOBER 15, 1932



Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystericals No. 13.

Elizabeth A.D. 1558-1603.

The Spanish Armada

"Great news, Sir Francis! They've sighted the Armada.
We shall have to look smart to beat that lot."
"Don't worry, my lad! A rub of Cherry Blossom Boot
Polish and we'll all look smart enough."

There is a popular story that when the Armada was sighted, Drake was playing a game of
back. Turning to those about him, he advised them to brush the game and beat the Spaniards
afterwards. After several days' continuous fighting the Armada was severely defeated.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown,
Dark Tan and Tossie

In Time with easy opening,
2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

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Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, W.4. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

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length for 6 months!"

Sanatorium patient's letter.

"I was a bed patient for just on 18
months in a Sanatorium. I used to cough
all day and through the nights too, hardly
getting any sleep. I am delighted with
'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because the
first dose relieved my cough immensely.
When I prepared to lay down for the
night I took another half teaspoonful
and in about an hour's time I was fast
asleep and I did not wake until 6 a.m.
next morning. That was the first sleep
of any length I'd had for six months."

(signed) Mr. A. S. Clark,
Haxby, York.

When you are racked day and night by a
cough which is wearing down your strength
—just try a few doses of 'Pineate' brand
Honey Syrup. In it are combined the
soothing, healing and germ-killing proper-
ties of squills, tolu, honey and pine. Thus
it clears the bronchial tubes, stops the
cough, soothes the cough-torn tissues and
frees the breathing before other remedies
have begun to act. Get a 1/6 bottle of
'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup from your
chemist to-day and prove this instant,
soothing action for yourself.

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTES.

The new type Jiffy Junior Machine, with which
approx. 60 cigarettes can be made for 1d., and
normally sold at 6d., is offered at half price to
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Turn to the Startling Offer on Page 20.

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EVERY article advertised in
JOHN BULL carries with it a
"money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products,
toilet preparations, medicines
and drugs, and other articles
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which have been approved by
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effects.

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Empire Blend. We were confident of the result.
We knew that where quality and flavour were the
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A few sample packets (sufficient for three to four pipes full)
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letters on a P.C. (not a letter) to Richard Lloyd & Sons Ltd.,
83, Clerkenwell Road, London. Only one sample will be
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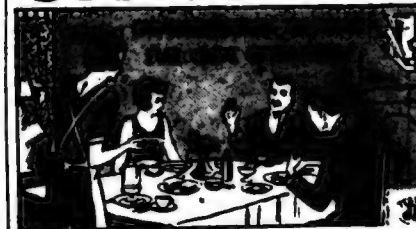


Look at yourself in the mirror when you've
been out in the wind and rain. There's no
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of cream scientifically blended in Poudre
Tokalon makes it stay on all day in spite
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BARGAIN SALE
Price complete £230/0
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BARGAIN: 5/- with order and
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Two super quality
white All Wood Stan-
dards, not a thread of
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dards, Whiplashed Edges,
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the pair.
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bra, Standard Quilt,
Size 75 x 90ins.
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Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow
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One pure White Bolster
Case to match 30 x 30ins.
SUNDRIES: As an extra advantage, we include a 10-
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all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.
20 years character for honourable trading. Catalogue Post Free.
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SCIENTIST TELLS HOW TO
NEUTRALISE THE ACIDITY.

"Acid," says a high authority, "irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and, if unchecked, will inflame the membrane to such an extent that indigestion, gastritis, and even stomach ulcers ultimately result. So long as excess acidity is present only temporary relief is possible; permanent and complete benefit can be secured only by neutralising the acid, thus giving Nature a chance to heal itself. Personally, I have secured remarkable results in even the severest cases by the use of the well-known antacid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and I strongly advise anyone suffering from stomach trouble in any form to keep a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia on hand, and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of water after each meal, or when the slightest distress is felt. It can be obtained from any chemist, gives immediate relief, and I have known it to cure chronic cases of many years' standing, as well as the most severe cases of acute gastritis."

SAFE RELIEF

Pain vanishes with
"DAISY" quick relief is SAFE
too. Containing NO injurious
drugs. "DAISY" does not depress
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"I lay great stress both on its
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Headache, Neuritis, Rheumatism
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NERVE
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DAISY POWDERS
2s. each 4 for 7s. 6d.
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1s. 6d. per box.

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Nothing Barred—Nothing Scared.

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WRITE DIRECT TO:

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.,
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

THE FIRST THING I Remember

I WAS four years old, and my grandmother was staying with us. A terrible storm arose, and the trees kept crashing down, one of them striking the house. My mother and granny started wailing, and I was terrified. The henhouse being blown over, my father went outside with a hurricane lantern, but something struck him and he came in with blood running down his face, which made my mother and granny worse.

We never slept that night, which culminated in the Tay Bridge disaster, and I shall never forget my experience.—*Farmer, Grangemouth.*

Feeding Flames

When I was a very little girl I was taken to see my father at work. He was employed as a colliery stoker.

To my young mind, my father took on the appearance of a giant as he swung open the great door and fed the roaring flames which seemed to absolutely eat coals.

I thought I would never forget that sight, and though it is quite the first thing I remember, I never have done so.—*Vera Steton, Leek.*

Work Wanted

Strangely enough, my earliest recollection, about thirty years ago, concerned the unemployed.

In the Willemsden area there was a daily procession, headed with banners, of the unemployed of the district. They used to parade the streets, and chant in the most soulful voices, "We want work." In my childish way I was positively awestruck by their appearance of utter misery and dejection; and that was in the so-called "good old days."—*V. Abbott, Essex.*

Ideal Standard

Orphaned at a very early age, the first and most important thing I remember is my mother's gentle and ever-smiling face.

Taken away when I needed her care most, her loss was impressed on a childish mind so deeply that she has remained with me as a splendid ideal.

Through childhood to manhood I have judged every woman by that beautiful standard created in the mind of a young child by a wonderful mother.—*E. G. Hull.*

Torpedoed

Being torpedoed on the P. and O. liner *Nyanza* is my first remembrance, at the age of four.

With any luck, I may be able to tell my great-grandchildren in the twenty-first century that I remember a bit of the Great, and, I hope, the last War.

We were torpedoed in the Mediterranean. The thunder of the guns, the rush for the lifeboats, and the frantic cheering when our Marines scored a miraculous direct hit and sank the U-boat, all contributed towards a most lively "first remembrance."—*P. H. Saint, London.*

False Prediction

I was between two and three years old. A large comet was seen nightly in the heavens, and each night it became nearer.

Astrologers predicted that at a certain hour on a certain day the "tail" would pass through the earth and annihilate it.

My mother was one who believed it, and I remember how, as the hour approached, she gathered us three children with her arms round us, making sure we should all go together.

I need not add that the catastrophe did not happen; but I well remember the terror of that sixty seconds.—*H. T. Jowett, Essex.*

All Asleep

My earliest recollection is of being carried through several long sheds by my parents. On either side lay a number of people, as I thought asleep. They were

covered with sheets, only their heads showing. The place was crowded and everyone was crying.

Afterwards I learned they were the bodies of passengers of the ill-fated *Princess Alice*, the pleasure-boat that sank in the Thames.

Hundreds were drowned, and the bodies had been laid out for identification.—*E. Slater, Southfields.*

The Unknown

I was sat on the mat at home, and, hearing footsteps, I went to the door and saw a soldier.

I called to my mother, who was upstairs, "Mother, there's a soldier come." She immediately rushed downstairs to greet him. I had not known my father.—*L. N., Bridlington.*

Between the Rails

Nearly sixty years ago, when I was a tiny girl, I fell from the platform of a country railway station.

I do not remember the fall, but I do remember sitting between the rails and watching an engine puffing slowly towards me.

The locomotive must have been almost on me before it stopped, because I can still see the smoking front of the monster towering over me, although I have no recollection of being rescued.—*Mrs. L. Tolworth.*

The Present

Grannie and I had been spending a month in the country, and if ever I was inclined to be naughty the promise of a lovely present when we reached home was withdrawn.

In due course we journeyed home—I full of excitement at the thought of the present awaiting me. Could it be the engine I longed for or the horse on wheels? Grannie said that she didn't know, and I must be more patient.

Home! Where was my present? In the playground, so I was told, and—what do you think?—it was a cradle and a red-faced baby brother!—*H. I. M., Leeds.*

The Stain

A stain! A big, brown stain on the nursery ceiling. How it came there I never knew; but what pictures it painted—bears, horses, lambs. Almost every



OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 18.

The Man (or Woman) I Hate Most—and Why

minute as I lay in my cot it changed from one shape to another in a wonderful manner.

As I grew older the stain appeared to take on more complex forms—trains, ships, anything I wished—all the play of a childish imagination.

Even to-day, when I see a stain, especially on a ceiling, my imagination runs riot.—*F. M. C., Dublin.*

Accompanied by my elder brother, I recall entering a room, sitting in an uncomfortable chair, to see my reflection in an enormous mirror. My first real hair cut ended in tears.—*C. H. R., Kent.*

Because I had been naughty my mother locked me in the coal cellar. I shall never forget the horror of that inky darkness and my feeling of utter loneliness. Even to-day I am afraid of the dark.—*G. B. Ealing.*

An aeroplane is the first thing I remember. I remember toddling into the house and staggering out again with a footstool to stand on in order to see it better.—*E. Thomas, Salford.*

My father sitting in his armchair and standing me between his knees to teach me to "tell the time."—*Miss H., Evesham.*

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS FOR OCTOBER 15

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) Liverpool v. Portsmouth.
- (2) W.B. ALBION v. Birmingham.
- (3) BOLTON v. Chelsea.
- (4) VILLA v. Sheffield U.
- (5) Blackburn v. Arsenal.
- (6) BLACKPOOL v. Leicester.
- (7) Derby v. Everton.
- (8) LEEDS v. Manchester C.
- (9) Middlesbrough v. HUDDERSFIELD.
- (10) NEWCASTLE v. Wolves.
- (11) WEDNESDAY v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) Manchester U. v. Bradford.
- (2) WEST HAM v. Oldham.
- (3) Chesterfield v. Bury.
- (4) BRADFORD C. v. Southampton.
- (5) Charlton v. Forest.
- (6) FULHAM v. Lincoln.
- (7) GRIMSBY v. Preston.
- (8) Notts County v. Port Vale.
- (9) STOKE v. Plymouth.
- (10) SWANSEA v. Millwall.
- (11) HOTTSPUR v. Burnley.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) NORWICH v. Q.P. Rangers.
- (2) WATFORD v. Gillingham.
- (3) BRENTFORD v. Orient.
- (4) BRIGHTON v. Aldershot.
- (5) BRISTOL CITY v. Bristol Rovers.
- (6) Cardiff v. CRYSTAL PALACE.
- (7) COVENTRY v. Northampton.
- (8) EXETER v. Bournemouth.
- (9) LUTON v. Newport.
- (10) READING v. Southend.
- (11) TORQUAY v. Swindon.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Hartlepool v. Hull.
- (2) TRANMERE v. Darlington.
- (3) York v. CHESTER.
- (4) BARNLEY v. Mansfield.
- (5) Carlisle v. Barrow.
- (6) CREWE v. New Brighton.
- (7) HALIFAX v. Doncaster.
- (8) Rochdale v. ACCRINGTON.
- (9) SOUTHPORT v. Rotherham.
- (10) Walsall v. Gateshead.
- (11) WREKHAM v. Stockport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) KILMARNOCK v. Dundee.
- (2) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Ayr.
- (3) ABERDEEN v. St. Mirren.
- (4) Clyde v. CELTIC.
- (5) FALKIRK v. E. Stirling.
- (6) HAMILTON v. Cowdenbeath.
- (7) Hearts v. MOTHERWELL.
- (8) MORTON v. Airdrie.
- (9) QUEEN'S PARK v. Partick.
- (10) RANGERS v. Third Lanark.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute changes in our selections in code in the *Daily News* each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H. for home and A. for away team.

Example Code.—Div. 1.—10 (H). Div. 2.—3 (A). Southern Section.—3 (H). Scottish League.—8 (H) would indicate Bury, Brentford and Queen's Park.

Asthma

**makes
Life a
Burden**

But Potter's Asthma Cure will at once lift the burden and give you sweet, soothing immediate relief. Equally good for Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh and other lung and chest troubles.



Is your life a burden owing to Asthma? Are your days a dreary succession of paroxysms of coughing? Are you compelled to absent yourself from employment owing to Asthma or Bronchitis? Are your nights even worse and more wretched than your days? If so listen to our message of cheer. You need not endure your burden another hour. Relief may be yours straight away. It is because we are so certain that Potter's Asthma Cure will give relief that we offer a Free Trial.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.

With every Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure is enclosed a booklet entitled "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC" which gives useful information in plain language showing how you may avoid future attacks. It tells you about diet, meal times, digestion and other topics and warns you of the conditions which tend to produce Asthma. You will do wisely if you send for the Free Trial and the booklet.

**POTTER'S
ASTHMA CURE**

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1

TO
OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles, and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS
COUPON
FOR FREE
SAMPLE &
BOOKLET
TO-DAY

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

NAME

ADDRESS

John Bull.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)



USE "STEAD" RAZOR BLADES

Each blade is kept in its own pocket with the day marked on the flap. This keeps it for a week so that when its turn comes round again its edge is as keen as new. Stead Razor Blades give you more shaves per blade and therefore save money.

STead
Razor Blades
In Wallets of 7 blades for 6^d

If it's
LEG TROUBLE
You Must Have

Elasto
Regd.

★ See Back Cover.

ENGINEERS SIT DOWN AND THINK THIS OVER

Can you allow any opportunity for a first-class job to pass by unheeded? "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" points the way to many such opportunities. You cannot afford to miss this book. It gives details of all recognized examinations (A.M.I.E.E., C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Modern Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Water, Radio, Aero and "Radio" Engineering, and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Dept. The book is FREE. Send a postcard for your copy NOW.

EMPLOYMENT DEPT. OF
ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY
24, Sharnhurst House, 29/31, Oxford
Street, London, W.1.



There is NO NEED TO SUFFER RHEUMATISM

Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout,
Arthritis, Neuritis, or Other
Inflammatory Condition

EVERY CHEMIST
CAN HAND YOU

BELTONA

BRAND LOTION

Read what Beltona Brand Lotion has done for more than 10,000 other severe sufferers and let it do as much or more for you. Beltona goes DIRECTLY to the cause of the trouble—through the skin. It is a powerful Penetrative Solvent which, sinking through the tissues like ink through blotting paper, attacks and clears out the poisons that set up the pain and swelling. Try it.

THERE have been few greater discoveries even in this age of wonders than "Beltona" Brand Lotion.

During the several years "Beltona" has been available to the public, not a day has passed without glowing reports of immediate relief from pain and suffering.

Even in cases in which the Rheumatic trouble had reached the stage of so stiffening sufferers' limbs that they had actually become useless, "Beltona" has given instant relief from pain and eventually restored full and free use to hands, arms, legs and feet.

Bedridden men and women have recovered the use of limbs after years of disablement. Workers who had lost the power to work—their source of livelihood gone—have been completely restored and once more can take their proper positions in life.

In ordinary cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Neuritis, "Beltona" works like a charm—its action is practically instantaneous.

In severer cases of long standing relief is immediate, but of course the eradication of the trouble takes a little time, according to the case; the final result, however, is such that sufferers say they cannot find words to tell what it has meant to them.

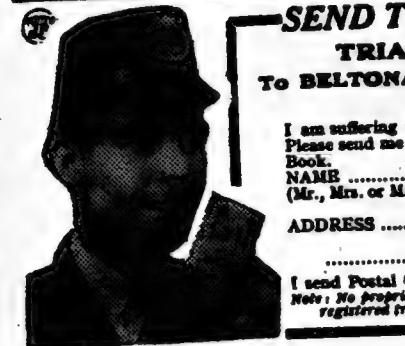
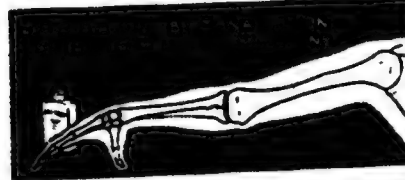
NOW A PLEASURE TO WALK



MR. DAWS.
never had a symptom of pain.

28, South Street,
Eastbourne.
I was suffering great pain in my left foot, when I saw "Beltona" Lotion advertised, and you will doubtless remember me sending for a trial bottle. Before I had used that small quantity I began to get relief. I then went to the chemist and got a 5s. bottle, but before this was used my foot was quite normal and a pleasure to walk. It is now about four months since and I have

(Signed) J. H. DAWS.



INSTANT RELIEF

Estelle, 49, Goodwyn Ave.,
Mill Hill, N.W.7.
Dear Sirs,
I purchased a bottle of "Beltona" Lotion from my chemist, and to my amazement the first application gave me great relief, and from that moment I have gone on improving until at the present time I am almost completely free from Rheumatism.

Before using "Beltona" I could not lift my hands to my head. Please send me a dozen of your pamphlets to pass on to other sufferers.

Faithfully yours,
F. W. ROGERS, M.A.

11 MONTHS HELPLESS.



MISS WOODROW.

245, Croydon Rd.,
Caterham Valley,
Surrey.

Dear Sir,—Two years ago I was taken with Rheumatism. After three months I had it practically in every joint of my body. I was taken to hospital by ambulance, and after eleven weeks I was discharged as nothing more could be done for me. Then seeing an advertisement for "Beltona" Lotion I decided to try it, and found great relief from it. I

can move freely and walk quite nicely.
Yours most gratefully,
(Signed) Miss V. L. WOODROW.

UNABLE TO STAND

NOW PICTURE OF HEALTH

34, Grange Mill Rd.,
Bellingham, London,
S.E.6.

Dear Sir,—My wife was helpless, hopeless and depressed with both arms fixed by her side. One day a friend asked me if I had tried "Beltona" Lotion. I decided to try it, and found after a few applications that she was gradually regaining the use of her arms and feet. She is now a living testimony of the wonderful cure effected—thanks to "Beltona." Neighbours all say she is a picture of health and happiness and what a miracle "Beltona" has worked. She can be seen by appointment.

Yours faithfully,
S. C. ELLEN.



MRS. ELLEN.

A FREE ADVICE BUREAU

has been established to give free advice on all matters connected with Diet, Hygiene and Treatment of Rheumatic and kindred ailments with Beltona Brand Preparations. Sufferers should write particulars of their cases to the Superintendent, Beltona Advice Bureau, Amwell House, Hoddesdon, Herts. No charge or obligation whatsoever is involved and all enquiries for advice are entitled to receive a special generous Trial Supply of Beltona Lotion for ONE SHILLING ONLY.

SEND THIS FORM for SPECIAL TRIAL SUPPLY for 1/- ONLY

To BELTONA, LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.

I am suffering from.....
Please send me Generous Trial Bottle of Beltona Lotion and the Free Book.
NAME PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS

I send Postal Order, or stamps, for 1/- to cover postage, packing, etc.
Note: No proprietary right is claimed in the preparation, apart from the registered trade mark "Beltona." John Bull, 15/10/32

NATURE'S OWN CURE FOR CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS.

A clogged, sluggish liver and intestinal congestion, with the attendant train of other disorders, such as headache, dizziness, muddy or pimpled complexion, catarrh, indigestion, languor and impure blood, should never be neglected, for doctors often term constipation "the beginning of all disease." It means that dangerous toxins are constantly being drawn into the blood. Powerful cathartics, such as calomel (mercury), can give only temporary relief, simply because, while they may irritate the liver to violent, convulsive action, they do not stop adherence to walls of the intestines, nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate network of secretory ducts and glands. For this latter purpose there is nothing equal to *Alkies Saltrates*, the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters, obtainable from any chemist. Take a level teaspoonful in a half-tumbler of water, and continue for a few days, until all signs of liver trouble have entirely disappeared. Then headaches, mental depression, stomach trouble and other disorders will also vanish, and you will again enjoy life as nature intended. Mental effort and concentration are no longer difficult, hard work becomes a pleasure, and that constant tired feeling disappears. Avoid strong cathartic pills, lowering salts, drugs or alcoholic stimulants; eat moderately, and drink once or twice daily a tumbler of water, in which you occasionally dissolve a level teaspoonful of *Alkies Saltrates*—Nature's own liver clarifier—and you need never fear a recurrence of the disorders.

FREE CASH PRIZES.

£150 in prizes (£50 first, hundreds of other cash and consolation prizes) are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 27. Read the conditions carefully and send in your Entry for this Simple Competition NOW! Closing date, Friday, Oct. 28, 1932.

HOW IS IT DONE?

A very remarkable article

I have a little book before me whose index is the most extraordinary I have ever seen. Obviously the whole of it cannot be reprinted here, but it begins in this way—Abrasions, Accidents, Acne, Bacon, Baldness, Bathroom, Beetles, Blisters, Brushes—and so on right through the alphabet.

The index is extraordinary for the very good reason that the little book itself is extraordinary. Entitled "154 Ways to Use Milton," the book is, in fact, a complete guide to the most remarkable household product ever discovered.

That anything so simple and innocent and inexpensive as Milton should have such a variety of uses is in itself almost incredible. But Milton's great and growing popularity is due even more to the fact that "Milton makes good every time." To whatever purpose you put it, there is no "perhaps" about Milton's doing it. Stains on white linen or cotton disappear like magic with the application of Milton. Bad smells are immediately banished, the irritation of insect bites and chilblains is instantly relieved, the danger of colds and influenza is definitely minimised—by the use of Milton in accordance with the instructions in the book.

But the object of this article is not to tell you all about Milton—the whole of this page would not provide sufficient space! Its object is not even to sell you Milton—for you have almost certainly got a bottle in the house already for one use or another. No, its object is to say just this—read the book!

It takes only a few moments—but not only will it fascinate you—it will provide you with the answer to a hundred and fifty-four everyday household problems.

Milton costs sixpence—the book, the beautifully printed book packed with every bottle, is free.



to try **BATCHELOR'S CANNED PEAS—**
did you do so?

NEXT WEEK

we shall ask you a question and for the best reply we shall give £50. You will be able to answer this question if you have tried Batchelor's Canned Peas—but be sure to keep the label. All good Fruiterers and Grocers sell—



Tala Birell, star of Universal's "Dressed to Kill"

THIS PHOTOGRAPH—

—is published to suggest to those ladies who are not quite satisfied with their complexions that they should try Icilma Cream. Not only does it form a lasting non-greasy base for powder but it contains its own skin freshener in the famous Icilma Natural Spring Water with which it is made.

A complete trial beauty treatment will gladly be sent containing three tubes of Icilma Cream and a box of Bouquet Face Powder. Please state which shade of powder you require, *Naturelle, Crème or Brunette*. Just send your name and address with 3d. in stamps to **ICILMA** (Dept. 23) 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

VANISHING CREAM
1/3 9d 6d

COLD CREAM
1/3 6d

FLESH-TINTED CREAM
1/9 1/- 6d

Smokers who want Quality

find sure Satisfaction in this Famous Brand

PLAYER'S

DIGGER TOBACCOS



DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER BLACK CUT
CAVENDISH

PER **8^D** OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.D.I.Q.B.

THIS WEEK ONLY
ENTER BY NOON THURS. OCT. 20

for SOLVING JOHN BULL'S AMUSING X-WORD

LIFE PENSION AND FINE CHEQUE

OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £800

and

EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

These chilly autumn evenings are ideal for "Cross-words" and half an hour by your fireside with the bright puzzle below may bring you a "John Bull" Life Pension of 30s. a week and the fine sum of £800 cash!

If you just miss the biggest prize, remember, you may well win some of the extra £250 offered to Runners-up, as announced above. Sit down to-night and tackle this week's absorbing Clues—and make sure your entry is in by Thursday, October 20th!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 185—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 20.



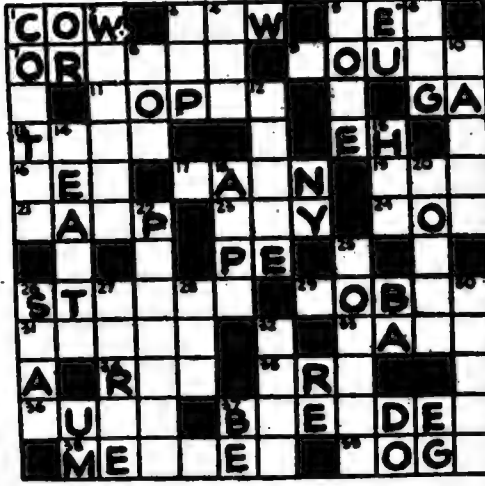
JB185

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligibile. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
 for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....



JB185

CLUES ACROSS

1. Gives us milk.
2. Pull along.
3. Brings honey home.
4. Eloquent speaker.
5. Describes sound of the wind.
6. What dissipated person often does.
7. At that time.
8. Contraction of "ever."
9. A queue sometimes waits in.
10. Aged.
11. A coarse file.
12. Where pig lives.
13. Yo-yo is the latest one.
14. They usually creak if you're late home.
15. Ornaments are sometimes fastened to these.
16. Plural of "this."
17. Horse pulls it along.
18. Angler usca one.
19. Noah's floating Zoo.
20. Destruction.
21. One who breeds.
22. Often entangle poor fish.
23. They bark and bite.

CLUES DOWN

1. Person who lives in humble fashion.
2. Anglers fish in these.
3. Summit.
4. Crude mineral.
5. Sometimes sticks where not wanted.
6. Hen lays it.
7. 20 cwt.
8. Years of training make sailor this.
9. Is often shown to people with money.
10. Needs guarding, for children's sake.
11. Very warm.
12. Venomous serpents.
13. Is always hoping to win.
14. Sometimes they kill—sometimes they cure.
15. Baby is, by mother.
16. It twinkles at night.
17. Where the eagle lives.
18. Colour of pillar-boxes.
19. What brilliant actor often does.
20. They cause obstruction.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 5.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

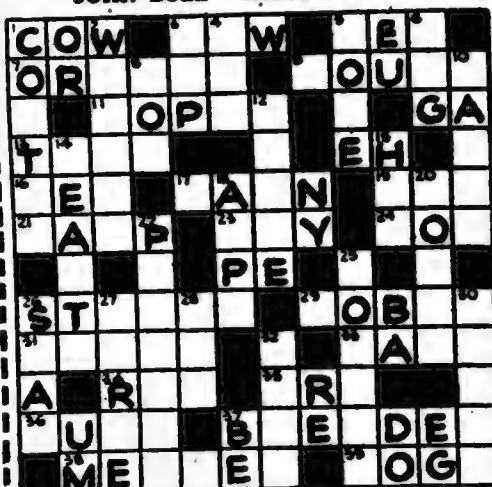
BONUS WINNERS.

In Crossword Competition No. 181 the extra £100 Bonus has been divided between 23 entrants, and payments of £4 7 0 each are being made accordingly.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
 No. 185, 57, Long Acre,
 London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 185—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 20



JB185

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligibile. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
 for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS.....



JB185

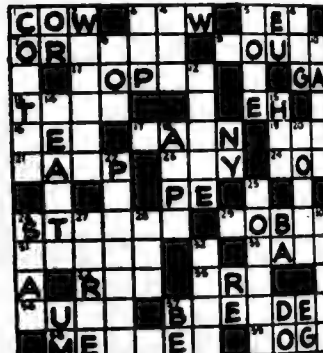
X-WORD NO. 183 SOLUTION

As announced, the solution and winners in this Record Offer will appear together in next week's issue, accompanied by the solution of X-word No. 184.

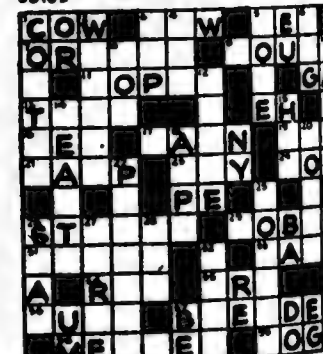
READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

- 1.—Complete Puzzle in Ordinary Ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 20th, 1932.
- 2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 3rd, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 15th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may mean the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.
- 4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.
- 5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- 6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- 7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

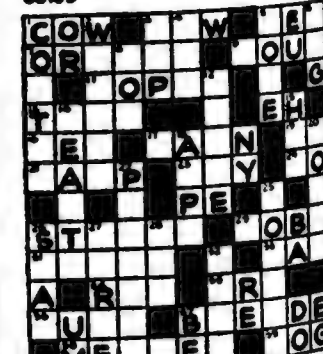
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
 These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



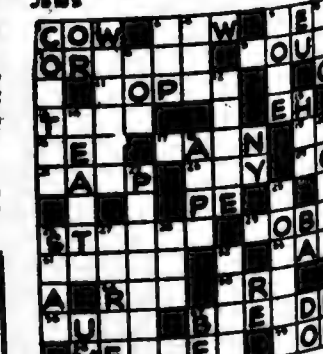
JB185



JB185



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COLDS THAT TURN INTO 'FLU

Cured by Special Cigarettes—
Samples Free to any Reader.

Nearly every case of influenza and pneumonia starts as an ordinary cold or cough. Never neglect one! It's dangerous.

Here's some real doctor's advice. As soon as you see signs of a cough or cold coming smooke a Dr. Blosser's Cigarette. They are made of herbs of proved medicinal value, and as you inhale their soothing, aromatic vapour their healing antiseptic properties penetrate the inmost crevices of the whole respiratory system just those points where the infection lurks and which you cannot reach in any other way.

If you do this before your cold gets too strong a hold, you can end the danger at once. Your very first puff you will feel do you good. You can actually detect its warm vapour soothing the inflamed tissues and clearing out the tiny choked-up passages. It's quite remarkable.

Go to any chemist to-day and get a packet of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. Be sure to avoid imitations, because Dr. Blosser's are much the best, and you know they are absolutely harmless and guaranteed free from tobacco and habit-forming drugs. If you prefer send card for free sample packet of four cigarettes to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121, C.R.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

PUT AN END TO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

No longer need you suffer the tortures of insomnia. There's a certain way to cure it that doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. Sleeplessness comes from disordered nerves, restless, irritable nerves which will not leave you alone.

Just take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30 a.m., at 3.30, and before going to bed. You'll find relief the very first night, for Wincarnis is the surest quietener of tired nerves a doctor knows. Containing wine—the juice of 24 lbs. of the finest grapes—meat extract and vitamin malt extract, Wincarnis is not a drug but a perfectly natural way to build up health and strength, to create new blood and restore jaded nerves.

Try this simple, pleasant way to perfect sleep and perfect health to-day. Take it always when you're run down or convalescent after illness. Doctors recommend it for neurasthenia, anemia, debility, neuralgia and a host of other ailments.



End Pile Trouble

We know that Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy will end the nerve-torturing, down-dragging pain caused by piles. That is why we ask you to test it FREE.

This remedy is no ordinary ointment. It is specially prepared from soothing, healing and strengthening balms, that give instant relief. The nozzle tube in which it is sold makes it simple and perfectly clean to use.

Chemists everywhere sell Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, price 3/-. For free test supply (sent in plain wrapper), send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R 16), Croydon, Surrey.

MANZAN

MADE BY THE PROPRIETORS OF DEWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

ASTHMA

Are you rubbed of sleep every night? Do you wheeze and choke, half-strangled by awful attacks? RAZ-MAIL stops the coughing and choking so you can sleep and work comfortably. Clean capsules. No sprays, smokes, snuff. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Stocked by Boots, Timothy, Whites, and all Chemists and Stores. Free Trial from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.21), 20, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



Let John Bull Guard your home

TO more than 83,000 homes—where Fire, Storm and Flood have raged and destroyed, and where Sickness or Accident has laid the heavy hand of expense and anxiety—"John Bull's" ready cheques have come as a God-send, restoring property, health, happiness.

Can you look to "John Bull" for speedy assistance in your hour of need? The wintry days to come are fraught with danger for your home and your family. A spark from your fire may create a raging furnace. Gales may vent their fury on your home, or bring the floodwaters to your very door. Rain, snow, fog, and bitter winds may lay the wage-earner low.

Be prepared! Sign the forms before FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you FREE

low—NOW! "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Insurance Gift—still the most practical and beneficial of all—guards you and yours against these dangers absolutely free of cost.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENTS, BURGLARY are disasters which may overtake you any day.

Accept "JOHN BULL'S" protection against all. Sign the forms!

Be prepared! Sign the forms before FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you FREE

JOHN BULL Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) _____

Address _____

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature _____

Address _____

Date _____

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15.10.32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature _____

Age _____

Address _____

Name and Address of Newsagent _____

Date _____

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15.10.32

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, brilliant tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib, Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Everybody's is an "ABSOLUTE NECESSITY"



says Mr. A. BALFOUR, ST. LAWRENCE ROAD, UPWINSTER, ESSEX, WHO WON

£3 a week for Life and £1,000 in BULLETS No. 864

"I am a regular reader of 'EVERYBODY'S.' It keeps me in touch with competition matters and is an absolute necessity."

If YOU want to win Bull's Mammoth New Prize of £12 a week for life, give yourself a better chance by getting

Everybody's

The Popular Weekly—

To-day's issue contains:

Exclusive message from the Competition Editor of "John Bull" to all readers of "EVERYBODY'S."

Interview with Mr. A. Balfour, winner of £3 a week for Life and £1,000 cash on "How I thought of my winning 'Bullet.'"

Review of "Bullets" winning lines, explaining WHY THEY WON.

Exclusive message from Mr. A. Balfour on "How to get the 'Bullets' atmosphere."

Expert analysis of "Examples" for the mammoth £12 a week for Life offer, and valuable advice on how to construct "Bullets."

everybody's 52 BIG PAGES On Sale Now! 2d. PIN YOUR FAITH TO EVERYBODY'S

LAST FEW DAYS FOR YOU TO WIN

EVERY
SATURDAY
AS LONG AS
YOU LIVE

OR

13,122

OTHER PRIZES

£200, £50,

SECOND

THIRD

20 BIRTHDAY CHEQUES OF £5,

100 BIRTHDAY CAKES EACH WITH 10¢

1000 PRIZES OF 2/6, 2,000 RED SEAL

'TARGETS', 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES,

OVER £900 CASH AND RADIO SETS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE, £750, Competition No. 865.

Mr. C. H. NICHOLLS, 37, Penrhyn Avenue, Walthamstow, E.

Example:—IN HER HANDS

Bullet:—WOOL BECOMES "LAMB'S COAT."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. HYETT, Preston, Kingsteignton, New-

ton Abbot, Devon.

Example:—Spot Of Bother

Bullet:—"Pocket"—"Cue," "Three Balls."

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. J. G. HICKMAN, "Littleholme," Sixty

Acrea, Llandudno, Som.

Example:—Wisdom Of The Ages

Bullet:—"Uplifts" Sonny—Nearer Jam!

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF A RADIO SET AND £5 CASH:

J. BOORN, 221, Essex Road, Islington, N.

He Was Old. So—Send-off! Pat Seemed

"Knock-out."

W. CLIFFE, 8, Oswald Place, New Wortley,

Leeds.

In Her Hands—Dropped Glove Put Mr.

Y. COUSINS, 30, William Street, Taunton,

Wisdom Of The Ages—Isn't "Treasure"

Politicians Raid.

T. W. DEALY, 16, Shiregreen Terrace, Shire-

green, Sheffield.

Takes Years—To Achieve "Success Over-

night."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. POSTER, 112, Ravenhill Avenue, Belfast.

Takes Years—And "Best Once," War.

C. P. HOWDEN, Delivery Office, L.N.E. Ry.,

Bridgehouses Station, Sheffield.

Cure For Our Ills—Or Only Nudists' "Cloak"?

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. C. P. JONES, 8, Robartes Road, Bodmin,

Cornwall.

Wisdom Of The Ages—Past "Leaves"—

Future's "Fertilizer."

C. J. LEWIS, 99, Clarence Street, Miskin,

Mountain Ash.

Cure For Our Ills—Although He's Got

Measles!

A. W. RICE, 22, Queen's Mews, Moscow Road,

London, W.

Brotherly Love—Inborn? Isn't Borne Out!

A. TERRIS, 40, Main Street, Townhill, by Dun-

fermline.

From The Window—Father "Named"—

Then "Baptised."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. W. J. BUDD, 36, Selborne Road, Horfield

Bristol.

Branded—"But Wasn't His Father—?"

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. A. FAIR, 21, Arran Road, Catford, S.E.

Brotherly Love—Call To All "Colours."

N. FERGOUSON, 16, Bankhouse Avenue, Largs,

Ayrshire.

Cure For Our Ills—"Condensed" In "We

Can!"

T. HOLDEN, 38, Parliament Street, Burnley,

Splitting—Opponent's "Plank," "Nailing"

Lies.

R. G. JONES, 17, Murch Road, Dinas Powis,

Cardiff.

"I Will!"—"Divorced" Me From Failure.

D. W. LINTERN, Chilo, Okeford, Blandford,

Dorset.

Just As Good—Sight—Grandma Blames

Print!

L. McFARLANE, 6, Park Road, Douglas, I.O.M.

Millionaire's Wife—Chinese Bandits' "Dream

Girl."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. F. S. POWERS, 49, Westfield Terrace,

Parl. Road, South Farnborough.

Millionaire's Wife—Being Buried? No—

Coster's!

K. TAYLOR, 79, Pullarton Street, Irvine.

Won't "Hock" Water—"Hose" Geneva's

"Firemen" Using.

F. WEATHERHEAD, 83, Royal Avenue, Belfast.

Large As Life—Statue—Was Life Great?

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be

seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 865 usually purchase "John Bull." The original cheque for £1,000 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 864 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Dale, Station Road, Upminster.



NOW OR NEVER FOR THE KING OF PRIZES!

SOON the curtain will fall on this gigantic offer of £12 a week for life or £5,000. You must make your entry within the next few days or you will miss this enormous prize which marks the Twentieth Birthday of our *Bullets* contest.

Such a colossal reward for a few words has never been known before. And it is supported, remember, by hundreds of other cash prizes, as well as a fine array of 100 big *Bullets* Birthday Cakes from Buszards, each with 10s. cash.

Moreover, quite apart from whatever prize you may secure, you have the opportunity of obtaining a 2s. 6d. Birthday Surprise Gift for merely entering six coupons as directed, accompanied by the Gift Coupon provided.

You are reminded, however that one single coupon is sufficient to secure that towering First or any of the other 13,122 prizes.

To the sender of the best *Bullet*, JOHN BULL will despatch a thrilling telegram on Friday, November 4. Half an hour with the simple instructions on the opposite page and that magic message may be addressed to you!

Get down to *Bullets* this evening and if you want this historic offer to bring you a Record Life Pension or a fortune eclipsing all we have paid in the past, see that your entry is in by Saturday, October 22.

YOUR KEY TO OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR

THE goal-keeper for the Cowes Football Club, Mr. W. G. Barnes, 6, Victory Crescent, Millbrook, Southampton, takes his hobbies seriously—and *Bullets* is one of them.

A few weeks ago he made up the

Bullet: IN LOVERS' LANE—

"PITFALLS" MOONLIGHT

NIGHTS Conceal. And his

reward for those neatly

chosen words was a 3-in-1

First of £1,250, a £288

Motor-car and a £20 Holi-

day Cheque yearly for life.

Knowing well the value of

a trainer to a football

player, Mr. Barnes decided

to engage a coach to help

him with his *Bullets*—and

he chose JOHN BULL's free

weekly *Bullets* Bulletin to

show him the way to score.

"By following the advice of *Bullets* Bulletin," he says with gratitude, "I have scored the goal of my ambition."

With a copy of *Bullets* Bulletin at

your elbow you will be splendidly armed

for the attack on *Bullets* huge Twentieth

Birthday Prize.

In it you will find a

remarkable collection of

Bullets which have won

£1,000 or more, an article

by Sir Wyndham Childs on

the judging of *Bullets*, an

absorbing and helpful con-

tribution by the *Bullets*

Champion, a 4,500 Guinea

winner, a free £10-a-week

Judging Contest, and other

exclusive features.

Post off coupon below to-

night and be certain of

securing this issue.



He reached his
"Bullets" goal—
so can you!

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this
coupon with your
"Bullets" entry

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 16, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

'BULLETS' GIANT BIRTHDAY PRIZE!



£500

Unlimited BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Each sender of Gift Coupon below, accompanied by six or more coupons entered by same competitor, will receive when prizes are distributed a handsome 2s. 6d. Surprise Gift, of special value to every "Bulleteer."

THIS IS THE WAY TO SUCCESS

S ELECT an *Example* which appeals to you, jot it down on paper, and add below it the various rough ideas which it brings to your mind. Now turn the best of these into *Bullets* by condensing them into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the *Example*. Convey your meaning, clearly, choose your phrasing carefully, so that the finished *Bullet* has that little extra something which the others haven't got.

For instance, working on the *Example* HUNGRY WORLD, your first rough idea might be STILL QUARRELLING OVER TARIFFS. Then, polishing this into *Bullets* form, you might complete your effort thus—HUNGRY WORLD—STILL POOLISHLY "BITING ITSELF."

There is not one *Bullet* on that list of twenty-three winners on the opposite page which you could not have made up yourself, so remember that as you tackle the *Examples* below.

Provided that your entry is in by Saturday, October 22, your care and common-sense may be rewarded by £12 a Week for Life or £5,000.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

HUNGRY WORLD
LEST WE FORGET
SHIP OF STATE
MADNESS
WHEN THE HOUSE COLLAPSED
HIS WATERLOO
DEAFENING
KILLS AMBITION
SOMETHING IN THE AIR
IN THE GREAT OPEN SPACES
NOT STOPPING
WE HOPE
DAWN OF LOVE

WITHOUT A FRIEND
LOOM OF LIFE
THE NEXT
HARD CASH
HEARD
SON OF THE SOIL
IDLE DREAM
HUMANITY'S PROBLEM
LOAD OFF MY MIND
PICTURE OF MISERY
MAN ON THE ROAD
STRUGGLING ON
DID FOR FATHER

I'M AFRAID
SACKED
FROM HEAVEN
GOLDEN HARVEST
HER FAVOURITE
LIKE THE PRINCE
GATHERING
WHEN SINGLE
A HIGHWAYMAN
CONQUERING EVEREST
ALL MEN ARE LIARS, SO
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS
WHEN WIFE AT WORK
"WHAT A WASTE!"

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

(1) The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. (2) Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /s/ Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. (3) The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Entry Fee—See Rule 2

With 1 coupon send P.O. for 6d.	
" 2 coupons " " " 1s.	
" 3 " " " " 1s. 6d.	
" 4 " " " " 2s.	
" 5 " " " " 2s. 6d.	
" 6 " " " " 3s.	

2/6 GIFT COUPON BELOW

You must enclose Gift Coupon below with your entry for Competition No. 868 if you wish to secure "Bullets" 20th Birthday Surprise Gift value 2s. 6d. One Gift only allowed to each entrant.

Whether or not you are eligible to claim a Birthday Gift will have no effect whatever on your opportunity of securing a prize.

BIRTHDAY GIFT COUPON

I enclose . . . coupons (NOT LESS THAN SIX) for "Bullets" No. 868, all entered in same name, initials and address as below. Please despatch Birthday Gift accordingly.

Signed: _____
Address: _____

N.B.—This coupon is valueless unless actually enclosed in envelope with six "Bullets" coupons as above. The six qualifying coupons may include prize coupons.

ENTER
BY SATURDAY
OCT 22
LAST COUPONS
GIVEN BELOW

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(868)

Closing SAT. Oct. 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. "Bullets" No. 868, "John Bull," Address Coupons: Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

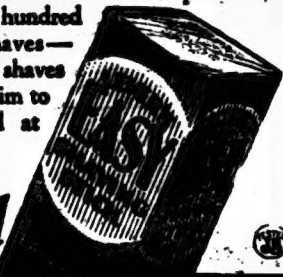
HUGE XMAS TURKEY OFFER NEXT WEEK

"We'll promote Johnson"
said the Boss



"What's Johnson like at his work? He looks smart enough." That was Johnson's first step to promotion; the boss had kept an eye on him—noticed his smart, well-shaved appearance. For Johnson isn't one of those fellows content to use ordinary soap for shaving; he uses one that's made for the job. That doesn't mean that he spends a shilling or

more. Not he! Sixpence is all he pays for the Lever's Easy Shaving Stick which his wife buys at her dealer's. And for that sixpence he gets a hundred perfect shaves—the kind of shaves that help him to make good at his job.



100 shaves for 6d

E 216-172-55

A LEVER PRODUCT

Inside
THE PICTUREGOER
Just out!

Great
Presentations

Be sure to get

THE PICTUREGOER

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

NOW ON SALE

TWOPENCE WEEKLY

1. An exquisite, specially autographed, gravure art portrait of beautiful Norma Shearer. Her latest portrait. Full size—11" x 8½"—printed in sepia, plate sunk ready for framing.
2. A FREE ENTRY FORM for the great new FILM STAR CONTEST, in which the magnificent free cash prize of \$7,500 is waiting to be won.
3. A gorgeous ALBUM set of four superb studio portraits, in postcard size, value 1/-, of four of filmland's greatest stars.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!
**SHE HASN'T A LEG
TO STAND ON**



The Woman Who Wouldn't Try Elasto
and
The Woman Who Did!

"My leg is completely cured, thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me, and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment."
(Sgd.) Mrs. S. ELDRIDGE.

What Other Users of Elasto Say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Elasto put new life into me."
- "Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
- "My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
- "Can now walk long distances with ease."
- "Elasto has cured my bad legs."
- "Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
- "Now free from piles."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "It put me on my feet."
- "Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
- "I am now free from pain."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," etc.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This new biological treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

YOU NATURALLY ASK
"What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocoele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

How Elasto cures through the blood is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO THE NEW BIOLOGICAL TREATMENT